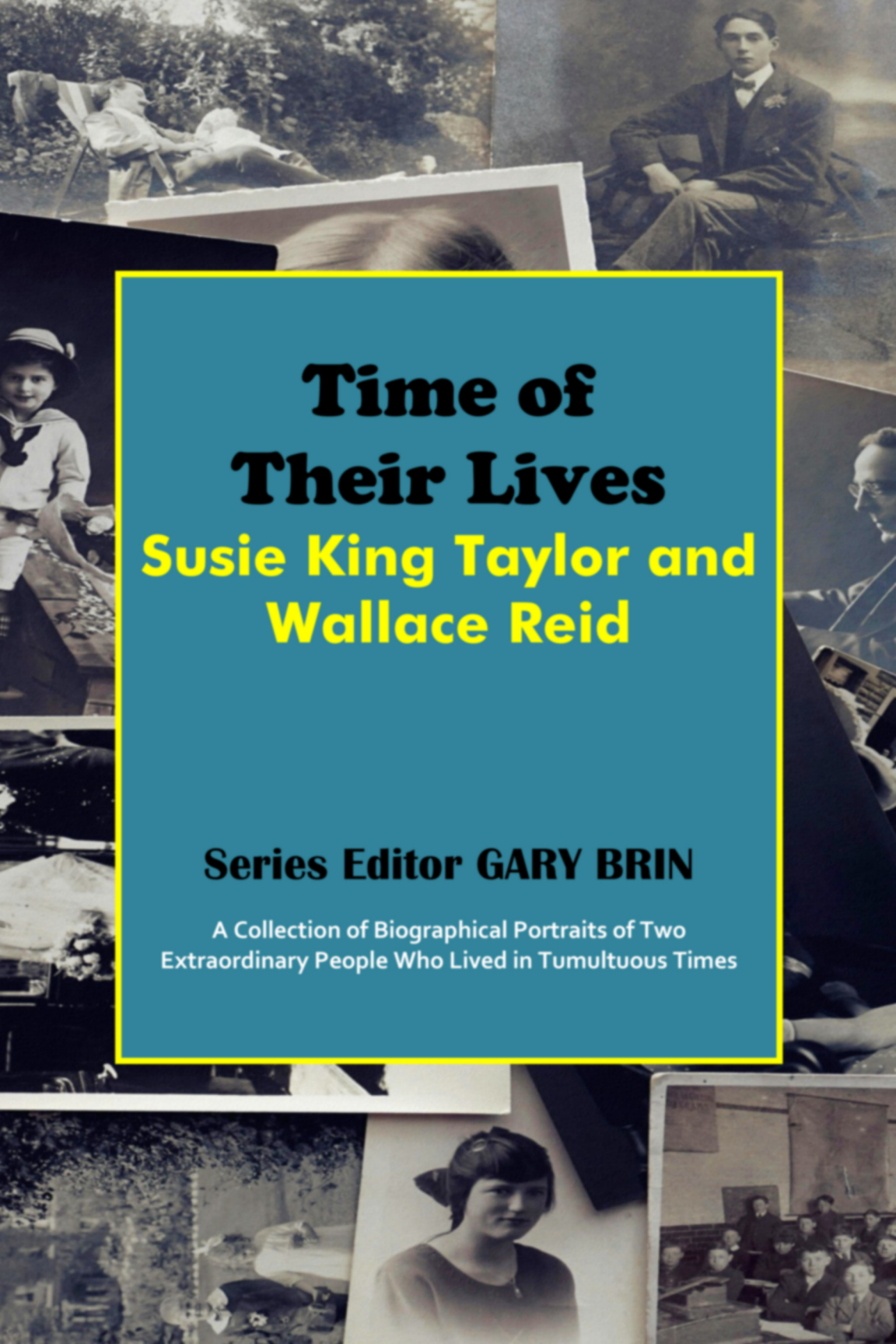

Time of Their Lives

Susie King Taylor and Wallace Reid

Series Editor GARY BRIN

A Collection of Biographical Portraits of Two Extraordinary People Who Lived in Tumultuous Times

Time of Their Lives

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Susie King Taylor and Wallace Reid

Series Editor GARY BRIN

Standish Press

LIST OF TITLES USED FOR THIS COLLECTION

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Wallace Reid was originally published in 1923 by Sorg Publishing Company.
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MANUFACTURED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

In Memory of

Susie Baker King Taylor
& Wallace Reid

Two people who left behind indelible historical legacies, one an eyewitness to the American Civil War and the other a witness to the early years of the movie industry.

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Introduction

This dual biographical collection detailing the life and times of Susie Baker King Taylor and Wallace Reid are actually two books that were published separately in 1902 and 1923. In order to retain as much of the historical accuracy of each title, both books were reprinted from page image scans of the originals. Text of both books in this edition were not changed or corrected from the original publications. It should be noted that page images from the original books were renumbered in order to merge into this present edition—but text remains unchanged as previously stated. The original copies of both books featured can be found online at the Nancy Hanks Lincoln Public Library.

Reminiscences of My Life in Camp is a portrait about life during the American Civil War dealing with wounded soldiers and the day-to-day events of combat. Susie Baker King Taylor was born into slavery on August 6, 1848 in Georgia as a slave of Valentine Grest. Grest allowed her grandmother to take her to Savannah where she was educated in secret. She married Edward King, a soldier with the Colored Union Regiment while serving as a nurse for the Union Army in the early 1860s. King died in 1866 and in 1879 she married Russell Taylor. As with so many other witnesses to the horrors of war—Taylor saw the effects and

causes that resulted. When time permitted Taylor also taught black soldiers how to read and write—using her knowledge to help others that were less fortunate. Following the war Susie King Taylor saw racism firsthand most everywhere she went and learned from her experiences. She settled in Boston in the 1870s where she took part in organizing Corps 67 of the Women's Relief Corps in the 1880s. In 1902 she published a memoir. It was the first and only book written by a black woman about her experiences during the American Civil War. She died on October 6, 1912 and was buried at Mount Hope Cemetery in Boston.

Wallace Reid was first published in 1923 as a tribute to his short life by his mother Bertha Westbrook Reid. Reid was born on April 15, 1891 and initially wanted to be a writer—but was convinced after a meeting with Vitagraph Studios executives to become an actor. From there he focused on being an actor in silent films which were becoming more popular toward the end of the 1910s. He married fellow actor Dorothy Davenport in 1913 and became associated with noted film director D. W. Griffith soon after which led to a contract with Jesse Lasky, founder of Famous Players, which later became Paramount Pictures. Reid was the object of desire for women everywhere becoming one of the first screen idols to have a loyal following of devoted filmgoers where among his most famous co-stars of the era were notable actresses Lillian Gish and Gloria Swanson. Life seemed perfect until an accident in 1919 while filming *Valley of the Giants* led to a morphine addiction for Reid. There were no hospitals that were equipped to deal with drug addiction at the time of which made his situation worse. Wallace Reid died on January 18, 1923 of influenza at the age of 31 while staying at a sanatorium attempting to get over his addiction. He was buried at Forest Lawn Memorial Park in the Los Angeles suburb of Glendale.

Series Editor
Gary Brin

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GARY BRIN

REMINISCENCES OF MY LIFE IN CAMP

WITH THE 33D UNITED STATES
COLORED TROOPS LATE 1ST
S. C. VOLUNTEERS

BY

SUSIE KING TAYLOR

BOSTON
PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR
1902

Enhanced 1860s photograph of Susie Baker King Taylor
Courtesy of Nancy Hanks Lincoln Public Library

PREFACE

I HAVE been asked many times by my friends, and also by members of the Grand Army of the Republic and Women's Relief Corps, to write a book of my army life, during the war of 1861–65, with the regiment of the 1st South Carolina Colored Troops, later called 33d United States Colored Infantry.

At first I did not think I would, but as the years rolled on and my friends were still urging me to start with it, I wrote to Colonel C. T. Trowbridge (who had command of this regiment), asking his opinion and advice on the matter. His answer to me was, "Go ahead! write it; that is just what I should do, were I in your place, and I will give you all the assistance you may need, whenever you require it." This inspired me very much.

In 1900 I received a letter from a gentleman, sent from the Executive Mansion at St. Paul, Minn., saying Colonel Trowbridge had told him I was about to write a book, and when it was

published he wanted one of the first copies. This, coming from a total stranger, gave me more confidence, so I now present these reminiscences to you, hoping they may prove of some interest, and show how much service and good we can do to each other, and what sacrifices we can make for our liberty and rights, and that there were "loyal women," as well as men, in those days, who did not fear shell or shot, who cared for the sick and dying; women who camped and fared as the boys did, and who are still caring for the comrades in their declining years.

So, with the hope that the following pages will accomplish some good and instruction for its readers, I shall proceed with my narrative.

SUSIE KING TAYLOR.

Boston, 1902.

INTRODUCTION

ACTUAL military life is rarely described by a woman, and this is especially true of a woman whose place was in the ranks, as the wife of a soldier and herself a regimental laundress. No such description has ever been given, I am sure, by one thus connected with a colored regiment; so that the nearly 200,000 black soldiers (178,975) of our Civil War have never before been delineated from the woman's point of view. All this gives peculiar interest to this little volume, relating wholly to the career of the very earliest of these regiments, — the one described by myself, from a wholly different point of view, in my volume "Army Life in a Black Regiment," long since translated into French by the Comtesse de Gasparin under the title "Vie Militaire dans un Régiment Noir."

The writer of the present book was very exceptional among the colored laundresses, in that she could read and write and had taught children to do the same; and her whole life and career were

most estimable, both during the war and in the later period during which she has lived in Boston and has made many friends. I may add that I did not see the book until the sheets were in print, and have left it wholly untouched, except as to a few errors in proper names. I commend the narrative to those who love the plain record of simple lives, led in stormy periods.

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON,

Former Colonel 1st S. C. Volunteers
(afterwards 33d U. S. Colored Infantry).

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.,
November 3, 1902.

LETTER FROM COL. C. T. TROWBRIDGE

St. Paul, Minn., April 7, 1902.

Mrs. Susan King Taylor:

Dear Madam, — The manuscript of the story of your army life reached me to-day. I have read it with much care and interest, and I most willingly and cordially indorse it as a truthful account of your unselfish devotion and service through more than three long years of war in which the 33d Regiment bore a conspicuous part in the great conflict for human liberty and the restoration of the Union. I most sincerely regret that through a technicality you are debarred from having your name placed on the roll of pensioners, as an Army Nurse; for among all the number of heroic women whom the government is now rewarding, I know of no one more deserving than yourself.

Yours in F. C. & L.,

C. T. TROWBRIDGE,
Late Lt.-Col. 33d U. S. C. T.

REMINISCENCES

I

A BRIEF SKETCH OF MY ANCESTORS

My great-great-grandmother was 120 years old when she died. She had seven children, and five of her boys were in the Revolutionary War. She was from Virginia, and was half Indian. She was so old she had to be held in the sun to help restore or prolong her vitality.

My great-grandmother, one of her daughters, named Susanna, was married to Peter Simons, and was one hundred years old when she died, from a stroke of paralysis in Savannah. She was the mother of twenty-four children, twenty-three being girls. She was one of the noted midwives of her day. In 1820 my grandmother was born, and named after her grandmother, Dolly, and in 1833 she married Fortune Lambert Reed. Two children blessed their union, James and Hagar Ann. James died at the age of twelve years.

My mother was born in 1834. She married Raymond Baker in 1847. Nine children were born to them, three dying in infancy. I was the first born. I was born on the Grest Farm (which was on an island known as Isle of Wight), Liberty County, about thirty-five miles from Savannah, Ga., on August 6, 1848, my mother being waitress for the Grest family. I have often been told by mother of the care Mrs. Grest took of me. She was very fond of me, and I remember when my brother and I were small children, and Mr. Grest would go away on business, Mrs. Grest would place us at the foot of her bed to sleep and keep her company. Sometimes he would return home earlier than he had expected to; then she would put us on the floor.

When I was about seven years old, Mr. Grest allowed my grandmother to take my brother and me to live with her in Savannah. There were no railroad connections in those days between this place and Savannah; all travel was by stage-coaches. I remember, as if it were yesterday, the coach which ran in from Savannah, with its driver, whose beard nearly reached his knees. His name was Shakespeare, and often I would go to the stable where he kept his horses, on Barnard Street in front of the old Arsenal, just to look at his wonderful beard.

My grandmother went every three months to see my mother. She would hire a wagon to carry

bacon, tobacco, flour, molasses, and sugar. These she would trade with people in the neighboring places, for eggs, chickens, or cash, if they had it. These, in turn, she carried back to the city market, where she had a customer who sold them for her. The profit from these, together with laundry work and care of some bachelors' rooms, made a good living for her.

The hardest blow to her was the failure of the Freedmen's Savings Bank in Savannah, for in that bank she had placed her savings, about three thousand dollars, the result of her hard labor and self-denial before the war, and which, by dint of shrewdness and care, she kept together all through the war. She felt it more keenly, coming as it did in her old age, when her life was too far spent to begin anew; but she took a practical view of the matter, for she said, "I will leave it all in God's hand. If the Yankees did take all our money, they freed my race; God will take care of us."

In 1888 she wrote me here (Boston), asking me to visit her, as she was getting very feeble and wanted to see me once before she passed away. I made up my mind to leave at once, but about the time I planned to go, in March, a fearful blizzard swept our country, and travel was at a standstill for nearly two weeks; but March 15 I left on the first through steamer from New York, en route for the South, where I again saw

my grandmother, and we felt thankful that we were spared to meet each other once more. This was the last time I saw her, for in May, 1889, she died.

II

MY CHILDHOOD

I WAS born under the slave law in Georgia, in 1848, and was brought up by my grandmother in Savannah. There were three of us with her, my younger sister and brother. My brother and I being the two eldest, we were sent to a friend of my grandmother, Mrs. Woodhouse, a widow, to learn to read and write. She was a free woman and lived on Bay Lane, between Habersham and Price streets, about half a mile from my house. We went every day about nine o'clock, with our books wrapped in paper to prevent the police or white persons from seeing them. We went in, one at a time, through the gate, into the yard to the L kitchen, which was the schoolroom. She had twenty-five or thirty children whom she taught, assisted by her daughter, Mary Jane. The neighbors would see us going in sometimes, but they supposed we were there learning trades, as it was the custom to give children a trade of some kind. After school we left the same way we entered, one by one, when we would go to a square, about a block from the school, and wait for each other. We would gather laurel leaves

and pop them on our hands, on our way home. I remained at her school for two years or more, when I was sent to a Mrs. Mary Beasley, where I continued until May, 1860, when she told my grandmother she had taught me all she knew, and grandmother had better get some one else who could teach me more, so I stopped my studies for a while.

I had a white playmate about this time, named Katie O'Connor, who lived on the next corner of the street from my house, and who attended a convent. One day she told me, if I would promise not to tell her father, she would give me some lessons. On my promise not to do so, and getting her mother's consent, she gave me lessons about four months, every evening. At the end of this time she was put into the convent permanently, and I have never seen her since.

A month after this, James Blouis, our landlord's son, was attending the High School, and was very fond of grandmother, so she asked him to give me a few lessons, which he did until the middle of 1861, when the Savannah Volunteer Guards, to which he and his brother belonged, were ordered to the front under General Barton. In the first battle of Manassas, his brother Eugene was killed, and James deserted over to the Union side, and at the close of the war went to Washington, D. C., where he has since resided.

I often wrote passes for my grandmother, for all colored persons, free or slaves, were compelled to have a pass; free colored people having a guardian in place of a master. These passes were good until 10 or 10.30 P. M. for one night or every night for one month. The pass read as follows: —

SAVANNAH, GA., March 1st, 1860.

Pass the bearer ——— from 9 to 10.30. P. M.

VALENTINE GREST.

Every person had to have this pass, for at nine o'clock each night a bell was rung, and any colored persons found on the street after this hour were arrested by the watchman, and put in the guard-house until next morning, when their owners would pay their fines and release them. I knew a number of persons who went out at any time at night and were never arrested, as the watchman knew them so well he never stopped them, and seldom asked to see their passes, only stopping them long enough, sometimes, to say "Howdy," and then telling them to go along.

About this time I had been reading so much about the "Yankees" I was very anxious to see them. The whites would tell their colored people not to go to the Yankees, for they would harness them to carts and make them pull the carts around, in place of horses. I asked grandmother, one day, if this was true. She replied, "Cer-

tainly not!" that the white people did not want slaves to go over to the Yankees, and told them these things to frighten them. "Don't you see those signs pasted about the streets? one reading, 'I am a rattlesnake; if you touch me I will strike!' Another reads, 'I am a wild-cat! Beware,' etc. These are warnings to the North; so don't mind what the white people say." I wanted to see these wonderful "Yankees" so much, as I heard my parents say the Yankee was going to set all the slaves free. Oh, how those people prayed for freedom! I remember, one night, my grandmother went out into the suburbs of the city to a church meeting, and they were fervently singing this old hymn, —

"Yes, we all shall be free,
Yes, we all shall be free,
Yes, we all shall be free,
When the Lord shall appear," —

when the police came in and arrested all who were there, saying they were planning freedom, and sang "the Lord," in place of "Yankee," to blind any one who might be listening. Grandmother never forgot that night, although she did not stay in the guard-house, as she sent to her guardian, who came at once for her; but this was the last meeting she ever attended out of the city proper.

On April 1, 1862, about the time the Union soldiers were firing on Fort Pulaski, I was sent out into the country to my mother. I remember

what a roar and din the guns made. They jarred the earth for miles. The fort was at last taken by them. Two days after the taking of Fort Pulaski, my uncle took his family of seven and myself to St. Catherine Island. We landed under the protection of the Union fleet, and remained there two weeks, when about thirty of us were taken aboard the gunboat P———, to be transferred to St. Simon's Island; and at last, to my unbounded joy, I saw the "Yankee."

After we were all settled aboard and started on our journey, Captain Whitmore, commanding the boat, asked me where I was from. I told him Savannah, Ga. He asked if I could read; I said, "Yes!" "Can you write?" he next asked. "Yes, I can do that also," I replied, and as if he had some doubts of my answers he handed me a book and a pencil and told me to write my name and where I was from. I did this; when he wanted to know if I could sew. On hearing I could, he asked me to hem some napkins for him. He was surprised at my accomplishments (for they were such in those days), for he said he did not know there were any negroes in the South able to read or write. He said, "You seem to be so different from the other colored people who came from the same place you did." "No!" I replied, "the only difference is, they were reared in the country and I in the city, as was a man from Darien, Ga., named Edward King." That seemed to

satisfy him, and we had no further conversation that day on the subject.

In the afternoon the captain spied a boat in the distance, and as it drew nearer he noticed it had a white flag hoisted, but before it had reached the Putumoka he ordered all passengers between decks, so we could not be seen, for he thought they might be spies. The boat finally drew alongside of our boat, and had Mr. Edward Donegall on board, who wanted his two servants, Nick and Judith. He wanted these, as they were his own children. Our captain told him he knew nothing of them, which was true, for at the time they were on St. Simon's, and not, as their father supposed, on our boat. After the boat left, we were allowed to come up on deck again.

III

ON ST. SIMON'S ISLAND

1862

NEXT morning we arrived at St. Simon's, and the captain told Commodore Goldsborough about this affair, and his reply was, "Captain Whitmore, you should not have allowed them to return; you should have kept them." After I had been on St. Simon's about three days, Commodore Goldsborough heard of me, and came to Gaston Bluff to see me. I found him very cordial. He said Captain Whitmore had spoken to him of me, and that he was pleased to hear of my being so capable, etc., and wished me to take charge of a school for the children on the island. I told him I would gladly do so, if I could have some books. He said I should have them, and in a week or two I received two large boxes of books and testaments from the North. I had about forty children to teach, beside a number of adults who came to me nights, all of them so eager to learn to read, to read above anything else. Chaplain French, of Boston, would come to the school, sometimes, and lecture to the pupils on Boston and the North.

About the first of June we were told that there

was going to be a settlement of the war. Those who were on the Union side would remain free, and those in bondage were to work three days for their masters and three for themselves. It was a gloomy time for us all, and we were to be sent to Liberia. Chaplain French asked me would I rather go back to Savannah or go to Liberia. I told him the latter place by all means. We did not know when this would be, but we were prepared in case this settlement should be reached. However, the Confederates would not agree to the arrangement, or else it was one of the many rumors flying about at the time, as we heard nothing further of the matter. There were a number of settlements on this island of St. Simon's, just like little villages, and we would go from one to the other on business, to call, or only for a walk.

One Sunday, two men, Adam Miller and Daniel Spaulding, were chased by some rebels as they were coming from Hope Place (which was between the Beach and Gaston Bluff), but the latter were unable to catch them. When they reached the Beach and told this, all the men on the place, about ninety, armed themselves, and next day (Monday), with Charles O'Neal as their leader, skirmished the island for the "rebs." In a short while they discovered them in the woods, hidden behind a large log, among the thick underbrush. Charles O'Neal was the first to see them, and he

was killed; also John Brown, and their bodies were never found. Charles O'Neal was an uncle of Edward King, who later was my husband and a sergeant in Co. E., U. S. I. Another man was shot, but not found for three days. On Tuesday, the second day, Captain Trowbridge and some soldiers landed, and assisted the skirmishers. Word having been sent by the mail-boat Uncas to Hilton Head, later in the day Commodore Goldsborough, who was in command of the naval station, landed about three hundred marines, and joined the others to oust the rebels. On Wednesday, John Baker, the man shot on Monday, was found in a terrible condition by Henry Batchlott, who carried him to the Beach, where he was attended by the surgeon. He told us how, after being shot, he lay quiet for a day. On the second day he managed to reach some wild grapes growing near him. These he ate, to satisfy his hunger and intense thirst, then he crawled slowly, every movement causing agony, until he got to the side of the road. He lived only three months after they found him.

On the second day of the skirmish the troops captured a boat which they knew the Confederates had used to land in, and having this in their possession, the "rebs" could not return; so pickets were stationed all around the island. There was an old man, Henry Capers, who had been left on one of the places by his old master, Mr. Hazzard,

as he was too old to carry away. These rebels went to his house in the night, and he hid them up in the loft. On Tuesday all hands went to this man's house with a determination to burn it down, but Henry Batchlott pleaded with the men to spare it. The rebels were in hiding, still, waiting a chance to get off the island. They searched his house, but neglected to go up into the loft, and in so doing missed the rebels concealed there. Late in the night Henry Capers gave them his boat to escape in, and they got off all right. This old man was allowed by the men in charge of the island to cut grass for his horse, and to have a boat to carry this grass to his home, and so they were not detected, our men thinking it was Capers using the boat. After Commodore Goldsborough left the island, Commodore Judon sent the old man over to the mainland and would not allow him to remain on the island.

There were about six hundred men, women, and children on St. Simon's, the women and children being in the majority, and we were afraid to go very far from our own quarters in the daytime, and at night even to go out of the house for a long time, although the men were on the watch all the time; for there were not any soldiers on the island, only the marines who were on the gunboats along the coast. The rebels, knowing this, could steal by them under cover of the night, and getting on the island would capture any per-

sons venturing out alone and carry them to the mainland. Several of the men disappeared, and as they were never heard from we came to the conclusion they had been carried off in this way.

The latter part of August, 1862, Captain C. T. Trowbridge, with his brother John and Lieutenant Walker, came to St. Simon's Island from Hilton Head, by order of General Hunter, to get all the men possible to finish filling his regiment which he had organized in March, 1862. He had heard of the skirmish on this island, and was very much pleased at the bravery shown by these men. He found me at Gaston Bluff teaching my little school, and was much interested in it. When I knew him better I found him to be a thorough gentleman and a staunch friend to my race.

Captain Trowbridge remained with us until October, when the order was received to evacuate, and so we boarded the Ben-De-Ford, a transport, for Beaufort, S. C. When we arrived in Beaufort, Captain Trowbridge and the men he had enlisted went to camp at Old Fort, which they named "Camp Saxton." I was enrolled as laundress.

The first suits worn by the boys were red coats and pants, which they disliked very much, for, they said, "The rebels see us, miles away."

The first colored troops did not receive any pay for eighteen months, and the men had to de-

pend wholly on what they received from the commissary, established by General Saxton. A great many of these men had large families, and as they had no money to give them, their wives were obliged to support themselves and children by washing for the officers of the gunboats and the soldiers, and making cakes and pies which they sold to the boys in camp. Finally, in 1863, the government decided to give them half pay, but the men would not accept this. They wanted "full pay" or nothing. They preferred rather to give their services to the state, which they did until 1864, when the government granted them full pay, with all the back pay due.

I remember hearing Captain Heasley telling his company, one day, "Boys, stand up for your full pay! I am with you, and so are all the officers." This captain was from Pennsylvania, and was a very good man; all the men liked him. N. G. Parker, our first lieutenant, was from Massachusetts. H. A. Beach was from New York. He was very delicate, and had to resign in 1864 on account of ill health.

I had a number of relatives in this regiment, — several uncles, some cousins, and a husband in Company E, and a number of cousins in other companies. Major Strong, of this regiment, started home on a furlough, but the vessel he was aboard was lost, and he never reached his home. He was one of the best officers we had. After

his death, Captain C. T. Trowbridge was promoted major, August, 1863, and filled Major Strong's place until December, 1864, when he was promoted lieutenant-colonel, which he remained until he was mustered out, February 6, 1866.

In February, 1863, several cases of varioloid broke out among the boys, which caused some anxiety in camp. Edward Davis, of Company E (the company I was with), had it very badly. He was put into a tent apart from the rest of the men, and only the doctor and camp steward, James Cummings, were allowed to see or attend him; but I went to see this man every day and nursed him. The last thing at night, I always went in to see that he was comfortable, but in spite of the good care and attention he received, he succumbed to the disease.

I was not in the least afraid of the small-pox. I had been vaccinated, and I drank sassafras tea constantly, which kept my blood purged and prevented me from contracting this dread scourge, and no one need fear getting it if they will only keep their blood in good condition with this sassafras tea, and take it before going where the patient is.

IV

CAMP SAXTON — PROCLAMATION AND BARBECUE

1863

On the first of January, 1863, we held services for the purpose of listening to the reading of President Lincoln's proclamation by Dr. W. H. Brisbane, and the presentation of two beautiful stands of colors, one from a lady in Connecticut, and the other from Rev. Mr. Cheever. The presentation speech was made by Chaplain French. It was a glorious day for us all, and we enjoyed every minute of it, and as a fitting close and the crowning event of this occasion we had a grand barbecue. A number of oxen were roasted whole, and we had a fine feast. Although not served as tastily or correctly as it would have been at home, yet it was enjoyed with keen appetites and relish. The soldiers had a good time. They sang or shouted "Hurrah!" all through the camp, and seemed overflowing with fun and frolic until taps were sounded, when many, no doubt, dreamt of this memorable day.

I had rather an amusing experience; that is, it seems amusing now, as I look back, but at the time it occurred it was a most serious one to me.

When our regiment left Beaufort for Seabrooke, I left some of my things with a neighbor who lived outside of the camp. After I had been at Seabrooke about a week, I decided to return to Camp Saxton and get them. So one morning, with Mary Shaw, a friend who was in the company at that time, I started off. There was no way for us to get to Beaufort other than to walk, except we rode on the commissary wagon. This we did, and reached Beaufort about one o'clock. We then had more than two miles to walk before reaching our old camp, and expected to be able to accomplish this and return in time to meet the wagon again by three o'clock that afternoon, and so be taken back. We failed to do this, however, for when we got to Beaufort the wagon was gone. We did not know what to do. I did not wish to remain overnight, neither did my friend, although we might easily have stayed, as both had relatives in the town.

It was in the springtime, and the days were long, and as the sun looked so bright, we concluded to walk back, thinking we should reach camp before dark. So off we started on our ten-mile tramp. We had not gone many miles, however, before we were all tired out and began to regret our undertaking. The sun was getting low, and we grew more frightened, fearful of meeting some animal or of treading on a snake on our way. We did not meet a person, and we

were frightened almost to death. Our feet were so sore we could hardly walk. Finally we took off our shoes and tried walking in our stocking feet, but this made them worse. We had gone about six miles when night overtook us. There we were, nothing around us but dense woods, and as there was no house or any place to stop at, there was nothing for us to do but continue on. We were afraid to speak to each other.

Meantime at the camp, seeing no signs of us by dusk, they concluded we had decided to remain over until next day, and so had no idea of our plight. Imagine their surprise when we reached camp about eleven P. M. The guard challenged us, "Who comes there?" My answer was, "A friend without a countersign." He approached and saw who it was, reported, and we were admitted into the lines. They had the joke on us that night, and for a long time after would tease us; and sometimes some of the men who were on guard that night would call us deserters. They used to laugh at us, but we joined with them too, especially when we would tell them our experience on our way to camp. I did not undertake that trip again, as there was no way of getting in or out except one took the provision wagon, and there was not much dependence to be put in that returning to camp. Perhaps the driver would say one hour and he might be there earlier or later. Of course it was not

his fault, as it depended when the order was filled at the Commissary Department; therefore I did not go any more until the regiment was ordered to our new camp, which was named after our hero, Colonel Shaw, who at that time was at Beaufort with his regiment, the 54th Massachusetts.

I taught a great many of the comrades in Company E to read and write, when they were off duty. Nearly all were anxious to learn. My husband taught some also when it was convenient for him. I was very happy to know my efforts were successful in camp, and also felt grateful for the appreciation of my services. I gave my services willingly for four years and three months without receiving a dollar. I was glad, however, to be allowed to go with the regiment, to care for the sick and afflicted comrades.

V

MILITARY EXPEDITIONS, AND LIFE IN CAMP

In the latter part of 1862 the regiment made an expedition into Darien, Georgia, and up the Ridge, and on January 23, 1863, another up St. Mary's River, capturing a number of stores for the government; then on to Fernandina, Florida. They were gone ten or twelve days, at the end of which time they returned to camp.

March 10, 1863, we were ordered to Jacksonville, Florida. Leaving Camp Saxton between four and five o'clock, we arrived at Jacksonville about eight o'clock next morning, accompanied by three or four gunboats. When the rebels saw these boats, they ran out of the city, leaving the women behind, and we found out afterwards that they thought we had a much larger fleet than we really had. Our regiment was kept out of sight until we made fast at the wharf where it landed, and while the gunboats were shelling up the river and as far inland as possible, the regiment landed and marched up the street, where they spied the rebels who had fled from the city. They were hiding behind a house about a mile or so away, their faces blackened to disguise

themselves as negroes, and our boys, as they advanced toward them, halted a second, saying, "They are black men! Let them come to us, or we will make them know who we are." With this, the firing was opened and several of our men were wounded and killed. The rebels had a number wounded and killed. It was through this way the discovery was made that they were white men. Our men drove them some distance in retreat and then threw out their pickets.

While the fighting was on, a friend, Lizzie Lancaster, and I stopped at several of the rebel homes, and after talking with some of the women and children we asked them if they had any food. They claimed to have only some hard-tack, and evidently did not care to give us anything to eat, but this was not surprising. They were bitterly against our people and had no mercy or sympathy for us.

The second day, our boys were reinforced by a regiment of white soldiers, a Maine regiment, and by cavalry, and had quite a fight. On the third day, Edward Herron, who was a fine gunner on the steamer John Adams, came on shore, bringing a small cannon, which the men pulled along for more than five miles. This cannon was the only piece for shelling. On coming upon the enemy, all secured their places, and they had a lively fight, which lasted several hours, and our boys were nearly captured by the Confeder-

ates; but the Union boys carried out all their plans that day, and succeeded in driving the enemy back. After this skirmish, every afternoon between four and five o'clock the Confederate General Finegan would send a flag of truce to Colonel Higginson, warning him to send all women and children out of the city, and threatening to bombard it if this was not done. Our colonel allowed all to go who wished, at first, but as General Finegan grew more hostile and kept sending these communications for nearly a week, Colonel Higginson thought it not best or necessary to send any more out of the city, and so informed General Finegan. This angered the general, for that night the rebels shelled directly toward Colonel Higginson's headquarters. The shelling was so heavy that the colonel told my captain to have me taken up into the town to a hotel, which was used as a hospital. As my quarters were just in the rear of the colonel's, he was compelled to leave his also before the night was over. I expected every moment to be killed by a shell, but on arriving at the hospital I knew I was safe, for the shells could not reach us there. It was plainly to be seen now, the ruse of the flag of truce coming so often to us. The bearer was evidently a spy getting the location of the headquarters, etc., for the shells were sent too accurately to be at random.

Next morning Colonel Higginson took the cav-

alry and a regiment on another tramp after the rebels. They were gone several days and had the hardest fight they had had, for they wanted to go as far as a station which was some distance from the city. The gunboats were of little assistance to them, yet notwithstanding this drawback our boys returned with only a few killed and wounded, and after this we were not troubled with General Finegan.

We remained here a few weeks longer, when, about April first, the regiment was ordered back to Camp Saxton, where it stayed a week, when the order came to go to Port Royal Ferry on picket duty. It was a gay day for the boys. By seven o'clock all tents were down, and each company, with a commissary wagon, marched up the shell road, which is a beautiful avenue ten or twelve miles out of Beaufort. We arrived at Seabrooke at about four o'clock, where our tents were pitched and the men put on duty. We were here a few weeks, when Company E was ordered to Barnwell plantation for picket duty.

Some mornings I would go along the picket line, and I could see the rebels on the opposite side of the river. Sometimes as they were changing pickets they would call over to our men and ask for something to eat, or for tobacco, and our men would tell them to come over. Sometimes one or two would desert to us, saying, they "had no negroes to fight for." Others would shoot

across at our picket, but as the river was so wide there was never any damage done, and the Confederates never attempted to shell us while we were there.

I learned to handle a musket very well while in the regiment, and could shoot straight and often hit the target. I assisted in cleaning the guns and used to fire them off, to see if the cartridges were dry, before cleaning and reloading, each day. I thought this great fun. I was also able to take a gun all apart, and put it together again.

Between Barnwell and the mainland was Hall Island. I went over there several times with Sergeant King and other comrades. One night there was a stir in camp when it was found that the rebels were trying to cross, and next morning Lieutenant Parker told me he thought they were on Hall Island; so after that I did not go over again.

While planning for the expedition up the Edisto River, Colonel Higginson was a whole night in the water, trying to locate the rebels and where their picket lines were situated. About July the boys went up the Edisto to destroy a bridge on the Charleston and Savannah road. This expedition was twenty or more miles into the mainland. Colonel Higginson was wounded in this fight and the regiment nearly captured. The steamboat John Adams always assisted us, carrying soldiers, provisions, etc. She carried

several guns and a good gunner, Edward Herron. Henry Batchlott, a relative of mine, was a steward on this boat. There were two smaller boats, Governor Milton and the Enoch Dean, in the fleet, as these could go up the river better than the larger ones could. I often went aboard the John Adams. It went with us into Jacksonville, to Cole and Folly Island, and Gunner Herron was always ready to send a shell at the enemy.

One night, Companies K and E, on their way to Pocotaligo to destroy a battery that was situated down the river, captured several prisoners. The rebels nearly captured Sergeant King, who, as he sprang and caught a "reb," fell over an embankment. In falling he did not release his hold on his prisoner. Although his hip was severely injured, he held fast until some of his comrades came to his aid and pulled them up. These expeditions were very dangerous. Sometimes the men had to go five or ten miles during the night over on the rebel side and capture or destroy whatever they could find.

While at Camp Shaw, there was a deserter who came into Beaufort. He was allowed his freedom about the city and was not molested. He remained about the place a little while and returned to the rebels again. On his return to Beaufort a second time, he was held as a spy, tried, and sentenced to death, for he was a traitor. The day he was shot, he was placed on a hearse with his

coffin inside, a guard was placed either side of the hearse, and he was driven through the town. All the soldiers and people in town were out, as this was to be a warning to the soldiers. Our regiment was in line on dress parade. They drove with him to the rear of our camp, where he was shot. I shall never forget this scene.

While at Camp Shaw, Chaplain Fowler, Robert Defoe, and several of our boys were captured while tapping some telegraph wires. Robert Defoe was confined in the jail at Walterborough, S. C., for about twenty months. When Sherman's army reached Pocotaligo he made his escape and joined his company (Company G). He had not been paid, as he had refused the reduced pay offered by the government. Before we got to camp, where the pay-rolls could be made out, he sickened and died of small-pox, and was buried at Savannah, never having been paid one cent for nearly three years of service. He left no heirs and his account was never settled.

In winter, when it was very cold, I would take a mess-pan, put a little earth in the bottom, and go to the cook-shed and fill it nearly full of coals, carry it back to my tent and put another pan over it; so when the provost guard went through camp after taps, they would not see the light, as it was against the rules to have a light after taps. In this way I was heated and kept very warm.

A mess-pan is made of sheet iron, something

like our roasting pans, only they are nearly as large round as a peck measure, but not so deep. We had fresh beef once in a while, and we would have soup, and the vegetables they put in this soup were dried and pressed. They looked like hops. Salt beef was our stand-by. Sometimes the men would have what we called slap-jacks. This was flour, made into bread and spread thin on the bottom of the mess-pan to cook. Each man had one of them, with a pint of tea, for his supper, or a pint of tea and five or six hard-tack. I often got my own meals, and would fix some dishes for the non-commissioned officers also.

Mrs. Chamberlain, our quartermaster's wife, was with us here. She was a beautiful woman; I can see her pleasant face before me now, as she, with Captain Trowbridge, would sit and converse with me in my tent two or three hours at a time. She was also with me on Cole Island, and I think we were the only women with the regiment while there. I remember well how, when she first came into camp, Captain Trowbridge brought her to my tent and introduced her to me. I found her then, as she remained ever after, a lovely person, and I always admired her cordial and friendly ways.

Our boys would say to me sometimes, "Mrs. King, why is it you are so kind to us? you treat us just as you do the boys in your own company." I replied, "Well, you know, all the boys in other

companies are the same to me as those in my Company E; you are all doing the same duty, and I will do just the same for you." "Yes," they would say, "we know that, because you were the first woman we saw when we came into camp, and you took an interest in us boys ever since we have been here, and we are very grateful for all you do for us."

When at Camp Shaw, I visited the hospital in Beaufort, where I met Clara Barton. There were a number of sick and wounded soldiers there, and I went often to see the comrades. Miss Barton was always very cordial toward me, and I honored her for her devotion and care of those men.

There was a man, John Johnson, who with his family was taken by our regiment at Edisto. This man afterwards worked in the hospital and was well known to Miss Barton. I have been told since that when she went South, in 1883, she tried to look this man up, but learned he was dead. His son is living in Edisto, Rev. J. J. Johnson, and is the president of an industrial school on that island and a very intelligent man. He was a small child when his father and family were captured by our regiment at Edisto.

VI

ON MORRIS AND OTHER ISLANDS

FORT WAGNER being only a mile from our camp, I went there two or three times a week, and would go up on the ramparts to watch the gunners send their shells into Charleston (which they did every fifteen minutes), and had a full view of the city from that point. Outside of the fort were many skulls lying about; I have often moved them one side out of the path. The comrades and I would have quite a debate as to which side the men fought on. Some thought they were the skulls of our boys; others thought they were the enemy's; but as there was no definite way to know, it was never decided which could lay claim to them. They were a gruesome sight, those fleshless heads and grinning jaws, but by this time I had become accustomed to worse things and did not feel as I might have earlier in my camp life.

It seems strange how our aversion to seeing suffering is overcome in war, — how we are able to see the most sickening sights, such as men with their limbs blown off and mangled by the deadly shells, without a shudder; and instead of turning away, how we hurry to assist in alleviating their

pain, bind up their wounds, and press the cool water to their parched lips, with feelings only of sympathy and pity.

About the first of June, 1864, the regiment was ordered to Folly Island, staying there until the latter part of the month, when it was ordered to Morris Island. We landed on Morris Island between June and July, 1864. This island was a narrow strip of sandy soil, nothing growing on it but a few bushes and shrubs. The camp was one mile from the boat landing, called Pawnell Landing, and the landing one mile from Fort Wagner.

Colonel Higginson had left us in May of this year, on account of wounds received at Edisto. All the men were sorry to lose him. They did not want him to go, they loved him so. He was kind and devoted to his men, thoughtful for their comfort, and we missed his genial presence from the camp.

The regiment under Colonel Trowbridge did garrison duty, but they had troublesome times from Fort Gregg, on James Island, for the rebels would throw a shell over on our island every now and then. Finally orders were received for the boys to prepare to take Fort Gregg, each man to take 150 rounds of cartridges, canteens of water, hard-tack, and salt beef. This order was sent three days prior to starting, to allow them to be in readiness. I helped as many as I could to pack haversacks and cartridge boxes.

The fourth day, about five o'clock in the afternoon, the call was sounded, and I heard the first sergeant say, "Fall in, boys, fall in," and they were not long obeying the command. Each company marched out of its street, in front of their colonel's headquarters, where they rested for half an hour, as it was not dark enough, and they did not want the enemy to have a chance to spy their movements. At the end of this time the line was formed with the 103d New York (white) in the rear, and off they started, eager to get to work. It was quite dark by the time they reached Pawnell Landing. I have never forgotten the good-bys of that day, as they left camp. Colonel Trowbridge said to me as he left, "Good-by, Mrs. King, take care of yourself if you don't see us again." I went with them as far as the landing, and watched them until they got out of sight, and then I returned to the camp. There was no one at camp but those left on picket and a few disabled soldiers, and one woman, a friend of mine, Mary Shaw, and it was lonesome and sad, now that the boys were gone, some never to return.

Mary Shaw shared my tent that night, and we went to bed, but not to sleep, for the fleas nearly ate us alive. We caught a few, but it did seem, now that the men were gone, that every flea in camp had located my tent, and caused us to vacate. Sleep being out of the question, we sat up the remainder of the night.

About four o'clock, July 2, the charge was made. The firing could be plainly heard in camp. I hastened down to the landing and remained there until eight o'clock that morning. When the wounded arrived, or rather began to arrive, the first one brought in was Samuel Anderson of our company. He was badly wounded. Then others of our boys, some with their legs off, arm gone, foot off, and wounds of all kinds imaginable. They had to wade through creeks and marshes, as they were discovered by the enemy and shelled very badly. A number of the men were lost, some got fastened in the mud and had to cut off the legs of their pants, to free themselves. The 103d New York suffered the most, as their men were very badly wounded.

My work now began. I gave my assistance to try to alleviate their sufferings. I asked the doctor at the hospital what I could get for them to eat. They wanted soup, but that I could not get; but I had a few cans of condensed milk and some turtle eggs, so I thought I would try to make some custard. I had doubts as to my success, for cooking with turtle eggs was something new to me, but the adage has it, "Nothing ventured, nothing done," so I made a venture and the result was a very delicious custard. This I carried to the men, who enjoyed it very much. My services were given at all times for the comfort of these men. I was on hand to assist whenever

needed. I was enrolled as company laundress, but I did very little of it, because I was always busy doing other things through camp, and was employed all the time doing something for the officers and comrades.

After this fight, the regiment did not return to the camp for one month. They were ordered to Cole Island in September, where they remained until October. About November 1, 1864, six companies were detailed to go to Gregg Landing, Port Royal Ferry, and the rebels in some way found out some of our forces had been removed and gave our boys in camp a hard time of it, for several nights. In fact, one night it was thought the boys would have to retreat. The colonel told me to go down to the landing, and if they were obliged to retreat, I could go aboard one of our gunboats. One of the gunboats got in the rear, and began to shell General Beauregard's force, which helped our boys retain their possession.

About November 15, I received a letter from Sergeant King, saying the boys were still lying three miles from Gregg Landing and had not had a fight yet; that the rebels were waiting on them and they on the rebels, and each were holding their own; also that General Sherman had taken Fort McAllister, eight miles from Savannah. After receiving this letter I wanted to get to Beaufort, so I could be near to them and so be able to get news from my husband. November

23 I got a pass for Beaufort. I arrived at Hilton Head about three o'clock next day, but there had been a battle, and a steamer arrived with a number of wounded men; so I could not get a transfer to Beaufort. The doctor wished me to remain over until Monday. I did not want to stay. I was anxious to get off, as I knew no one at Hilton Head.

I must mention a pet pig we had on Cole Island. Colonel Trowbridge brought into camp, one day, a poor, thin little pig, which a German soldier brought back with him on his return from a furlough. His regiment, the 74th Pennsylvania, was just embarking for the North, where it was ordered to join the 10th corps, and he could not take the pig back with him, so he gave it to our colonel. That pig grew to be the pet of the camp, and was the special care of the drummer boys, who taught him many tricks; and so well did they train him that every day at practice and dress parade, his pigship would march out with them, keeping perfect time with their music. The drummers would often disturb the devotions by riding this pig into the midst of evening praise meeting, and many were the complaints made to the colonel, but he was always very lenient towards the boys, for he knew they only did this for mischief. I shall never forget the fun we had in camp with "Piggie."

VII

CAST AWAY

THERE was a yacht that carried passengers from Hilton Head to Beaufort. There were also five small boats which carried people over. The only people here, beside the soldiers, were Mrs. Lizzie Brown, who came over on a permit to see her husband, who was at this place, and was very ill (he died while she was there), Corporal Walker's wife, with her two years old child, and Mrs. Seabrooke. As soon as we could get the yacht, these persons I have mentioned, together with a comrade just discharged, an officer's boy, and myself, took passage on it for Beaufort. It was nearly dark before we had gone any distance, and about eight o'clock we were cast away and were only saved through the mercy of God. I remember going down twice. As I rose the second time, I caught hold of the sail and managed to hold fast. Mrs. Walker held on to her child with one hand, while with the other she managed to hold fast to some part of the boat, and we drifted and shouted as loud as we could, trying to attract the attention of some of the government boats which were going up and down

the river. But it was in vain, we could not make ourselves heard, and just when we gave up all hope, and in the last moment (as we thought) gave one more despairing cry, we were heard at Ladies' Island. Two boats were put off and a search was made, to locate our distressed boat. They found us at last, nearly dead from exposure. In fact, the poor little baby was dead, although her mother still held her by her clothing, with her teeth. The soldier was drowned, having been caught under the sail and pinned down. The rest of us were saved. I had to be carried bodily, as I was thoroughly exhausted. We were given the best attention that we could get at this place where we were picked up. The men who saved us were surprised when they found me among the passengers, as one of them, William Geary, of Darien, Georgia, was a friend of my husband. His mother lived about two miles from where we were picked up, and she told me she had heard cries for a long time that night, and was very uneasy about it. Finally, she said to her son, "I think some poor souls are cast away." "I don't think so, mother," he replied; "I saw some people going down the river to-day. You know this is Christmas, and they are having a good time." But she still persisted that these were cries of distress, and not of joy, and begged him to go out and see. So to satisfy her, he went outside and listened, and then he heard them also, and

hastened to get the boats off to find us. We were capsized about 8.15 P. M. and it was near midnight when they found us. Next day, they kept a sharp lookout on the beach for anything that might be washed in from the yacht, and got a trunk and several other things. Had the tide been going out, we should have been carried to sea and lost.

I was very ill and under the doctor's care for some time, in Beaufort. The doctor said I ought to have been rolled, as I had swallowed so much water. In January, 1865, I went back to Cole Island, where I could be attended by my doctor, Dr. Miner, who did all in his power to alleviate my suffering, for I was swollen very much. This he reduced and I recovered, but had a severe cough for a long time afterward.

VIII

A FLAG OF TRUCE

In October, 1864, six companies of the regiment were ordered to Gregg Landing, S. C. Captain L. W. Metcalf, of Co. G, was appointed on General Saxton's staff as provost captain, Lieutenant James B. West acting as assistant general. As in some way our mail had been sent over to the Confederate side and their mail to us, Captain Metcalf and Lieutenant West were detailed to exchange these letters under a flag of truce. So, with an escort of six men of the companies at Port Royal Ferry, the flag was unfurled and the message shouted across the river to the Confederates. Captain Metcalf asked them to come over to our side under the protection of our flag of truce. This the Confederates refused to do, having for their excuse that their boat was too far up the river and so they had no way to cross the river to us. They asked Metcalf to cross to them. He at once ordered his men to "stack arms," the Confederates following suit, and his boys in blue rowed him over, and he delivered the message, after having introduced himself to the rebel officers. One of these officers

was Major Jones, of Alabama, the other Lieutenant Scott, of South Carolina. Major Jones was very cordial to our captain, but Lieutenant Scott would not extend his hand, and stood aside, in sullen silence, looking as if he would like to take revenge then and there. Major Jones said to Captain Metcalf, "We have no one to fight for. Should I meet you again, I shall not forget we have met before." With this he extended his hand to Metcalf and bade him good-by, but Lieutenant Scott stood by and looked as cross as he possibly could. The letters were exchanged, but it seemed a mystery just how those letters got missent to the opposite sides. Captain Metcalf said he did not feel a mite comfortable while he was on the Confederate soil; as for his men, you can imagine their thoughts. I asked them how they felt on the other side, and they said, "We would have felt much better if we had had our guns with us." It was a little risky, for sometimes the flag of truce is not regarded, but even among the enemy there are some good and loyal persons.

Captain Metcalf is still living in Medford. He is 71 years old, and just as loyal to the old flag and the G. A. R. as he was from 1861 to 1866, when he was mustered out. He was a brave captain, a good officer, and was honored and beloved by all in the regiment.

IX

CAPTURE OF CHARLESTON

On February 28, 1865, the remainder of the regiment were ordered to Charleston, as there were signs of the rebels evacuating that city. Leaving Cole Island, we arrived in Charleston between nine and ten o'clock in the morning, and found the " rebs " had set fire to the city and fled, leaving women and children behind to suffer and perish in the flames. The fire had been burning fiercely for a day and night. When we landed, under a flag of truce, our regiment went to work assisting the citizens in subduing the flames. It was a terrible scene. For three or four days the men fought the fire, saving the property and effects of the people, yet these white men and women could not tolerate our black Union soldiers, for many of them had formerly been their slaves ; and although these brave men risked life and limb to assist them in their distress, men and even women would sneer and molest them whenever they met them.

I had quarters assigned me at a residence on South Battery Street, one of the most aristocratic parts of the city, where I assisted in caring for

the sick and injured comrades. After getting the fire under control, the regiment marched out to the race track, where they camped until March 12, when we were ordered to Savannah, Ga. We arrived there on the 13th, about eight o'clock in the evening, and marched out to Fairlong, near the A. & G. R. R., where we remained about ten days, when we were ordered to Augusta, Ga., where Captain Alexander Heasley, of Co. E, was shot and killed by a Confederate. After his death Lieutenant Parker was made captain of the company, and was with us until the regiment was mustered out. He often told me about Massachusetts, but I had no thought at that time that I should ever see that State, and stand in the "Cradle of Liberty."

The regiment remained in Augusta for thirty days, when it was ordered to Hamburg, S. C., and then on to Charleston. It was while on their march through the country, to the latter city, that they came in contact with the bushwhackers (as the rebels were called), who hid in the bushes and would shoot the Union boys every chance they got. Other times they would conceal themselves in the cars used to transfer our soldiers, and when our boys, worn out and tired, would fall asleep, these men would come out from their hiding places and cut their throats. Several of our men were killed in this way, but it could not be found out who was committing these murders un-

til one night one of the rebels was caught in the act, trying to cut the throat of a sleeping soldier. He was put under guard, court-martialed, and shot at Wall Hollow.

First Lieutenant Jerome T. Furman and a number of soldiers were killed by these South Carolina bushwhackers at Wall Hollow. After this man was shot, however, the regiment marched through unmolested to Charleston.

X

MUSTERED OUT

THE regiment, under Colonel Trowbridge, reached Charleston in November, 1865, and camped on the race track until January, when they returned to Morris Island, and on February 9, 1866, the following "General Orders" were received and the regiment mustered out.

They were delighted to go home, but oh! how they hated to part from their commanding chief, Colonel C. T. Trowbridge. He was the very first officer to take charge of black soldiers. We thought there was no one like him, for he was a "man" among his soldiers. All in the regiment knew him personally, and many were the jokes he used to tell them. I shall never forget his friendship and kindness toward me, from the first time I met him to the end of the war. There was never any one from the North who came into our camp but he would bring them to see me.

While on a visit South in 1888, I met a comrade of the regiment, who often said to me, "You up North, Mrs. King, do you ever see Colonel Trowbridge? How I should like to see him! I don't see why he does not come South sometime.

Why, I would take a day off and look up all the 'boys' I could find, if I knew he was coming." I knew this man meant what he said, for the men of the regiment knew Colonel Trowbridge first of all the other officers. He was with them on St. Simon and at Camp Saxton. I remember when the company was being formed, we wished Captain C. T. was our captain, because most of the men in Co. E were the men he brought with him from St. Simon, and they were attached to him. He was always jolly and pleasing with all. I remember, when going into Savannah in 1865, he said that he had been there before the war, and told me many things I did not know about the river. Although this was my home, I had never been on it before. No officer in the army was more beloved than our late lieutenant-colonel, C. T. Trowbridge.

[*Copy of General Orders.*]

"GENERAL ORDERS.

"HEADQUARTERS 33D U. S. C. T.,
"LATE 1ST SO. CAROLINA VOLUNTEERS,
"MORRIS ISLAND, S. C., Feb. 9, 1866.

"*General Order,*
"*No.* 1.

"COMRADES: The hour is at hand when we must separate forever, and nothing can take from us the pride we feel, when we look upon the history of the 'First South Carolina Volunteers,'

the first black regiment that ever bore arms in defense of freedom on the continent of America.

"On the 9th day of May, 1862, at which time there were nearly four millions of your race in bondage, sanctioned by the laws of the land and protected by our flag, — on that day, in the face of the floods of prejudice that well-nigh deluged every avenue to manhood and true liberty, you came forth to do battle for your country and kindred.

"For long and weary months, without pay or even the privilege of being recognized as soldiers, you labored on, only to be disbanded and sent to your homes without even a hope of reward, and when our country, necessitated by the deadly struggle with armed traitors, finally granted you the opportunity again to come forth in defense of the nation's life, the alacrity with which you responded to the call gave abundant evidence of your readiness to strike a manly blow for the liberty of your race. And from that little band of hopeful, trusting, and brave men who gathered at Camp Saxton, on Port Royal Island, in the fall of '62, amidst the terrible prejudices that surrounded us, has grown an army of a hundred and forty thousand black soldiers, whose valor and heroism has won for your race a name which will live as long as the undying pages of history shall endure; and by whose efforts, united with those of the white man, armed rebellion has been

conquered, the millions of bondsmen have been emancipated, and the fundamental law of the land has been so altered as to remove forever the possibility of human slavery being established within the borders of redeemed America. The flag of our fathers, restored to its rightful significance, now floats over every foot of our territory, from Maine to California, and beholds only free men! The prejudices which formerly existed against you are well-nigh rooted out.

"Soldiers, you have done your duty and acquitted yourselves like men who, actuated by such ennobling motives, could not fail; and as the result of your fidelity and obedience you have won your freedom, and oh, how great the reward! It seems fitting to me that the last hours of our existence as a regiment should be passed amidst the unmarked graves of your comrades, at Fort Wagner. Near you rest the bones of Colonel Shaw, buried by an enemy's hand in the same grave with his black soldiers who fell at his side; where in the future your children's children will come on pilgrimages to do homage to the ashes of those who fell in this glorious struggle.

"The flag which was presented to us by the Rev. George B. Cheever and his congregation, of New York city, on the 1st of January, 1863, — the day when Lincoln's immortal proclamation of freedom was given to the world, — and which you have borne so nobly through the war, is now to be

rolled up forever and deposited in our nation's capital. And while there it shall rest, with the battles in which you have participated inscribed upon its folds, it will be a source of pride to us all to remember that it has never been disgraced by a cowardly faltering in the hour of danger, or polluted by a traitor's touch.

"Now that you are to lay aside your arms, I adjure you, by the associations and history of the past, and the love you bear for your liberties, to harbor no feelings of hatred toward your former masters, but to seek in the paths of honesty, virtue, sobriety, and industry, and by a willing obedience to the laws of the land, to grow up to the full stature of American citizens. The church, the school-house, and the right forever to be free are now secured to you, and every prospect before you is full of hope and encouragement. The nation guarantees to you full protection and justice, and will require from you in return that respect for the laws and orderly deportment which will prove to every one your right to all the privileges of freemen. To the officers of the regiment I would say, your toils are ended, your mission is fulfilled, and we separate forever. The fidelity, patience, and patriotism with which you have discharged your duties to your men and to your country entitle you to a far higher tribute than any words of thankfulness which I can give you from the bottom of my heart. You will

find your reward in the proud conviction that the cause for which you have battled so nobly has been crowned with abundant success.

"Officers and soldiers of the 33d U. S. Colored Troops, once the First So. Carolina Volunteers, I bid you all farewell!

"By order of

"Lt. Colonel C. T. Trowbridge,

"*Commanding regiment.*

"E. W. Hyde,

"1st Lieut. 33d U. S. C. T. and acting adjutant."

I have one of the original copies of these orders still in my possession.

My dear friends! do we understand the meaning of war? Do we know or think of that war of '61? No, we do not, only those brave soldiers, and those who had occasion to be in it, can realize what it was. I can and shall never forget that terrible war until my eyes close in death. The scenes are just as fresh in my mind to-day as in '61. I see now each scene, — the roll-call, the drum tap, "lights out," the call at night when there was danger from the enemy, the double force of pickets, the cold and rain. How anxious I would be, not knowing what would happen before morning! Many times I would dress, not sure but all would be captured. Other times I would stand at my tent door and try to see what was going on, because night was the time the

rebels would try to get into our lines and capture some of the boys. It was mostly at night that our men went out for their scouts, and often had a hand to hand fight with the rebels, and although our men came out sometimes with a few killed or wounded, none of them ever were captured.

We do not, as the black race, properly appreciate the old veterans, white or black, as we ought to. I know what they went through, especially those black men, for the Confederates had no mercy on them; neither did they show any toward the white Union soldiers. I have seen the terrors of that war. I was the wife of one of those men who did not get a penny for eighteen months for their services, only their rations and clothing.

I cannot praise General David Hunter too highly, for he was the first man to arm the black man, in the beginning of 1862. He had a hard struggle to hold all the southern division, with so few men, so he applied to Congress; but the answer to him was, "Do not bother us," which was very discouraging. As the general needed more men to protect the islands and do garrison duty, he organized two companies.

I look around now and see the comforts that our younger generation enjoy, and think of the blood that was shed to make these comforts possible for them, and see how little some of them appreciate the old soldiers. My heart burns

within me, at this want of appreciation. There are only a few of them left now, so let us all, as the ranks close, take a deeper interest in them. Let the younger generation take an interest also, and remember that it was through the efforts of these veterans that they and we older ones enjoy our liberty to-day.

XI

AFTER THE WAR

In 1866, the steamers which ran from Savannah to Darien would not take colored people unless they stayed in a certain part of the boat, away from the white people; so some of the colored citizens and ex-soldiers decided to form a syndicate and buy a steamer of their own. They finally bought a large one of a New York company. It arrived in fine shape, apparently, and made its first trip to Darien. The next trip was to Beaufort. I went on this trip, as the pilot, James Cook, was a friend of my family, and I thought I would enjoy the trip; and I did, getting back in safety. The next trip was to go to Florida, but it never reached there, for on the way down the boat ran upon St. John bar and went entirely to pieces. They found out afterwards that they had been swindled, as the boat was a condemned one, and the company took advantage of them; and as they carried no insurance on the boat they lost all the money they had invested in it. The best people of the city expressed great sympathy for them in their loss, as it promised to prove a great investment at first.

At the close of the war, my husband and I returned to Savannah, a number of the comrades returning at the same time. A new life was before us now, all the old life left behind. After getting settled, I opened a school at my home on South Broad Street, now called Oglethorpe Avenue, as there was not any public school for negro children. I had twenty children at my school, and received one dollar a month for each pupil. I also had a few older ones who came at night. There were several other private schools besides mine. Mrs. Lucinda Jackson had one on the same street I lived on.

I taught almost a year, when the Beach Institute opened, which took a number of my scholars, as this was a free school. On September 16, 1866, my husband, Sergeant King, died, leaving me soon to welcome a little stranger alone. He was a boss carpenter, but being just mustered out of the army, and the prejudice against his race being still too strong to insure him much work at his trade, he took contracts for unloading vessels, and hired a number of men to assist him. He was much respected by the citizens, and was a general favorite with his associates.

In December, 1866, I was obliged to give up teaching, but in April, 1867, I opened a school in Liberty County, Georgia, and taught there one year; but country life did not agree with me, so I returned to the city, and Mrs. Susie Carrier took charge of my school.

On my return to Savannah, I found that the free school had taken all my former pupils, so I opened a night school, where I taught a number of adults. This, together with other things I could get to do and the assistance of my brother-in-law, supported me. I taught this school until the fall of 1868, when a free night school opened at the Beach Institute, and again my scholars left me to attend this free school. So I had to close my school. I put my baby with my mother and entered in the employ of a family, where I lived quite a while, but had to leave, as the work was too hard.

In 1872 I put in a claim for my husband's bounty and received one hundred dollars, some of which I put in the Freedmen's Savings Bank. In the fall of 1872 I went to work for a very wealthy lady, Mrs. Charles Green, as laundress. In the spring of 1873, Mr. and Mrs. Green came North to Rye Beach for the summer, and as their cook did not care to go so far from home, I went with them in her place. While there, I won a prize for excellent cooking at a fair which the ladies who were summering there had held to raise funds to build an Episcopal Church, and Mrs. Green was one of the energetic workers to make this fair a success; and it was a success in every respect and a tidy sum was netted.

I returned South with Mrs. Green, and soon after, she went to Europe. I returned to Boston

again in 1874, through the kindness of Mrs. Barnard, a daughter of ex-Mayor Otis of Boston. She was accompanied by her husband, Mr. James Barnard (who was an agent for the line of steamers), her six children, the nurse, and myself. We left Savannah on the steamship Seminole, under Captain Matthews, and when we had passed Hatteras some distance, she broke her shaft. The captain had the sails hoisted and we drifted along, there being a stiff breeze, which was greatly in our favor. Captain Matthews said the nearest point he could make was Cape Henry Light. About noon, Mr. Barnard spied the light and told the captain if he would give him a boat and some of the crew, he would row to the light for help. This was done, the boat was manned and they put off. They made the light, then they made for Norfolk, which was eight miles from the light, and did not reach the city until eight o'clock that night.

Next morning he returned with a tug, to tow us into Norfolk for repairs; but the tug was too small to move the steamer, so it went back for more help, but before it returned, a Norfolk steamer, on its way to Boston, stopped to see what was the matter with our steamer. Our trouble was explained to them, and almost all the passengers were transferred to this steamer. Mr. Barnard remained on the steamer, and Mrs. Barnard deciding to remain with him, I went aboard this

other steamer with the rest of the passengers. We left them at anchor, waiting for the tugs to return.

This accident brought back very vividly the time previous to this, when I was in that other wreck in 1864, and I wondered if they would reach port safe, for it is a terrible thing to be cast away; but on arriving in Boston, about two days later, I was delighted to hear of the arrival of their steamer at T Wharf, with all on board safe.

Soon after I got to Boston, I entered the service of Mr. Thomas Smith's family, on Walnut Avenue, Boston Highlands, where I remained until the death of Mrs. Smith. I next lived with Mrs. Gorham Gray, Beacon Street, where I remained until I was married, in 1879, to Russell L. Taylor.

In 1880 I had another experience in steamer accidents. Mr. Taylor and I started for New York on the steamer Stonington. We were in bed when, sometime in the night, the Narragansett collided with our boat. I was awakened by the crash. I was in the ladies' cabin. There were about thirty-five or forty others in the cabin. I sprang out of my berth, dressed as quickly as I could, and tried to reach the deck, but we found the cabin door locked, and two men stood outside and would not let us out. About twenty minutes after, they opened the doors and we went up on deck, and a terrible scene was before us. The

Narragansett was on fire, in a bright blaze; the water was lighted as far as one could see, the passengers shrieking, groaning, running about, leaping into the water, panic-stricken. A steamer came to our assistance; they put the life-rafts off and saved a great many from the burning steamer, and picked a number up from the water. A colored man saved his wife and child by giving each a chair and having them jump overboard. These chairs kept them afloat until they were taken aboard by the life-raft. The steamer was burned to the water's edge. The passengers on board our steamer were transferred to another one and got to New York at 9.30 the next morning. A number of lives were lost in this accident, and the bow of the Stonington was badly damaged. I was thankful for my escape, for I had been in two similar experiences and got off safely, and I have come to the conclusion I shall never have a watery grave.

XII

THE WOMEN'S RELIEF CORPS

ALL this time my interest in the boys in blue had not abated. I was still loyal and true, whether they were black or white. My hands have never left undone anything they could do towards their aid and comfort in the twilight of their lives. In 1886 I helped to organize Corps 67, Women's Relief Corps, auxiliary to the G. A. R., and it is a very flourishing corps to-day. I have been Guard, Secretary, Treasurer for three years, and in 1893 I was made President of this corps, Mrs. Emily Clark being Department President this year. In 1896, in response to an order sent out by the Department W. R. C. to take a census to secure a complete roster of the Union Veterans of the war of the Rebellion now residing in Massachusetts, I was allotted the West End district, which (with the assistance of Mrs. Lizzie L. Johnson, a member of Corps 67, and widow of a soldier of the 54th Mass. Volunteers) I canvassed with splendid success, and found a great many comrades who were not attached to any post in the city or State.

In 1898 the Department of Mass. W. R. C.

gave a grand fair at Music Hall. I made a large quilt of red, white, and blue ribbon that made quite a sensation. The quilt was voted for and was awarded to the Department President, Mrs. E. L. W. Waterman, of Boston.

XIII

THOUGHTS ON PRESENT CONDITIONS

LIVING here in Boston where the black man is given equal justice, I must say a word on the general treatment of my race, both in the North and South, in this twentieth century. I wonder if our white fellow men realize the true sense or meaning of brotherhood? For two hundred years we had toiled for them; the war of 1861 came and was ended, and we thought our race was forever freed from bondage, and that the two races could live in unity with each other, but when we read almost every day of what is being done to my race by some whites in the South, I sometimes ask, "Was the war in vain? Has it brought freedom, in the full sense of the word, or has it not made our condition more hopeless?"

In this "land of the free" we are burned, tortured, and denied a fair trial, murdered for any imaginary wrong conceived in the brain of the negro-hating white man. There is no redress for us from a government which promised to protect all under its flag. It seems a mystery to me. They say, "One flag, one nation, one country indivisible." Is this true? Can we say this truth-

fully, when one race is allowed to burn, hang, and inflict the most horrible torture weekly, monthly, on another? No, we cannot sing, "My country, 't is of thee, Sweet land of Liberty"! It is hollow mockery. The Southland laws are all on the side of the white, and they do just as they like to the negro, whether in the right or not.

I do not uphold my race when they do wrong. They ought to be punished, but the innocent are made to suffer as well as the guilty, and I hope the time will hasten when it will be stopped forever. Let us remember God says, "He that sheds blood, his blood shall be required again." I may not live to see it, but the time is approaching when the South will again have cause to repent for the blood it has shed of innocent black men, for their blood cries out for vengeance. For the South still cherishes a hatred toward the blacks, although there are some true Southern gentlemen left who abhor the stigma brought upon them, and feel it very keenly, and I hope the day is not far distant when the two races will reside in peace in the Southland, and we will sing with sincere and truthful hearts, "My country, 't is of thee, Sweet land of Liberty, of thee I sing."

I have been in many States and cities, and in each I have looked for liberty and justice, equal for the black as for the white; but it was not until I was within the borders of New England, and reached old Massachusetts, that I found it.

Here is found liberty in the full sense of the word, liberty for the stranger within her gates, irrespective of race or creed, liberty and justice for all.

We have before us still another problem to solve. With the close of the Spanish war, and on the entrance of the Americans into Cuba, the same conditions confront us as the war of 1861 left. The Cubans are free, but it is a limited freedom, for prejudice, deep-rooted, has been brought to them and a separation made between the white and black Cubans, a thing that had never existed between them before; but to-day there is the same intense hatred toward the negro in Cuba that there is in some parts of this country.

I helped to furnish and pack boxes to be sent to the soldiers and hospitals during the first part of the Spanish war; there were black soldiers there too. At the battle of San Juan Hill, they were in the front, just as brave, loyal, and true as those other black men who fought for freedom and the right; and yet their bravery and faithfulness were reluctantly acknowledged, and praise grudgingly given. All we ask for is "equal justice," the same that is accorded to all other races who come to this country, of their free will (not forced to, as we were), and are allowed to enjoy every privilege, unrestricted, while we are denied what is rightfully our own

in a country which the labor of our forefathers helped to make what it is.

One thing I have noticed among my people in the South: they have accumulated a large amount of real estate, far surpassing the colored owners in the North, who seem to let their opportunity slip by them. Nearly all of Brownsville (a suburb of Savannah) is owned by colored people, and so it is in a great many other places throughout the State, and all that is needed is the protection of the law as citizens.

In 1867, soon after the death of my father, who had served on a gunboat during the war, my mother opened a grocery store, where she kept general merchandise always on hand. These she traded for cash or would exchange for crops of cotton, corn, or rice, which she would ship once a month, to F. Lloyd & Co., or Johnson & Jackson, in Savannah. These were colored merchants, doing business on Bay Street in that city. Mother bought her first property, which contained ten acres. She next purchased fifty acres of land. Then she had a chance to get a place with seven hundred acres of land, and she bought this.

In 1870, Colonel Hamilton and Major Devendorft, of Oswego, N. Y., came to the town and bought up a tract of land at a place called Doctortown, and started a mill. Mrs. Devendorft heard of my mother and went to see her, and persuaded her to come to live with her, assuring her

she would be as one of the family. Mother went with her, but after a few months she went to Doctortown, where she has been since, and now owns the largest settlement there. All trains going to Florida pass her place, just across the Altamaha River. She is well known by both white and black; the people are fond of her, and will not allow any one to harm her.

Mr. Devendorft sold out his place in 1880 and went back to New York, where later he died.

I read an article, which said the ex-Confederate Daughters had sent a petition to the managers of the local theatres in Tennessee to prohibit the performance of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," claiming it was exaggerated (that is, the treatment of the slaves), and would have a very bad effect on the children who might see the drama. I paused and thought back a few years of the heart-rending scenes I have witnessed; I have seen many times, when I was a mere girl, thirty or forty men, handcuffed, and as many women and children, come every first Tuesday of each month from Mr. Wiley's trade office to the auction blocks, one of them being situated on Drayton Street and Court Lane, the other on Bryant Street, near the Pulaski House. The route was down our principal street, Bull Street, to the court-house, which was only a block from where I resided.

All people in those days got all their water

from the city pumps, which stood about a block apart throughout the city. The one we used to get water from was opposite the court-house, on Bull Street. I remember, as if it were yesterday, seeing droves of negroes going to be sold, and I often went to look at them, and I could hear the auctioneer very plainly from my house, auctioning these poor people off.

Do these Confederate Daughters ever send petitions to prohibit the atrocious lynchings and wholesale murdering and torture of the negro? Do you ever hear of them fearing this would have a bad effect on the children? Which of these two, the drama or the present state of affairs, makes a degrading impression upon the minds of our young generation? In my opinion it is not "Uncle Tom's Cabin," but it should be the one that has caused the world to cry "Shame!" It does not seem as if our land is yet civilized. It is like times long past, when rulers and high officers had to flee for their lives, and the negro has been dealt with in the same way since the war by those he lived with and toiled for two hundred years or more. I do not condemn all the Caucasian race because the negro is badly treated by a few of the race. No! for had it not been for the true whites, assisted by God and the prayers of our forefathers, I should not be here to-day.

There are still good friends to the negro.

Why, there are still thousands that have not bowed to Baal. So it is with us. Man thinks two hundred years is a long time, and it is, too; but it is only as a week to God, and in his own time — I know I shall not live to see the day, but it will come — the South will be like the North, and when it comes it will be prized higher than we prize the North to-day. God is just; when he created man he made him in his image, and never intended one should misuse the other. All men are born free and equal in his sight.

I am pleased to know at this writing that the officers and comrades of my regiment stand ready to render me assistance whenever required. It seems like "bread cast upon the water," and it has returned after many days, when it is most needed. I have received letters from some of the comrades, since we parted in 1866, with expressions of gratitude and thanks to me for teaching them their first letters. One of them, Peter Waggall, is a minister in Jacksonville, Fla. Another is in the government service at Washington, D. C. Others are in Darien and Savannah, Ga., and all are doing well.

There are many people who do not know what some of the colored women did during the war. There were hundreds of them who assisted the Union soldiers by hiding them and helping them to escape. Many were punished for taking food to the prison stockades for the prisoners. When I

went into Savannah, in 1865, I was told of one of these stockades which was in the suburbs of the city, and they said it was an awful place. The Union soldiers were in it, worse than pigs, without any shelter from sun or storm, and the colored women would take food there at night and pass it to them, through the holes in the fence. The soldiers were starving, and these women did all they could towards relieving those men, although they knew the penalty, should they be caught giving them aid. Others assisted in various ways the Union army. These things should be kept in history before the people. There has never been a greater war in the United States than the one of 1861, where so many lives were lost, — not men alone but noble women as well.

Let us not forget that terrible war, or our brave soldiers who were thrown into Andersonville and Libby prisons, the awful agony they went through, and the most brutal treatment they received in those loathsome dens, the worst ever given human beings; and if the white soldiers were subjected to such treatment, what must have been the horrors inflicted on the negro soldiers in their prison pens? Can we forget those cruelties? No, though we try to forgive and say, "No North, no South," and hope to see it in reality before the last comrade passes away.

XIV

A VISIT TO LOUISIANA

THE inevitable always happens. On February 3, 1898, I was called to Shreveport, La., to the bedside of my son, who was very ill. He was traveling with Nickens and Company, with "The Lion's Bride," when he fell ill, and had been ill two weeks when they sent to me. I tried to have him brought home to Boston, but they could not send him, as he was not able to sit and ride this long distance; so on the sixth of February I left Boston to go to him. I reached Cincinnati on the eighth, where I took the train for the south. I asked a white man standing near (before I got my train) what car I should take. "Take that one," he said, pointing to one. "But that is a smoking car!" "Well," he replied, "that is the car for colored people." I went to this car, and on entering it all my courage failed me. I have ridden in many coaches, but I was never in such as these. I wanted to return home again, but when I thought of my sick boy I said, "Well, others ride in these cars and I must do likewise," and tried to be resigned, for I wanted to reach my boy, as I did not know whether I should find

him alive. I arrived in Chattanooga at eight o'clock in the evening, where the porter took my baggage to the train which was to leave for Marion, Miss. Soon after I was seated, just before the train pulled out, two tall men with slouch hats on walked through the car, and on through the train. Finally they came back to our car and stopping at my seat said, "Where are those men who were with you?" I did not know to whom they were speaking, as there was another woman in the car, so I made no reply. Again they asked me, standing directly in front of my seat, "Where are those men who came in with you?" "Are you speaking to me?" I said. "Yes!" they said. "I have not seen any men," I replied. They looked at me a moment, and one of them asked where I was from. I told him Boston; he hesitated a minute and walked out of our car to the other car.

When the conductor came around I told him what these men had said, and asked him if they allowed persons to enter the car and insult passengers. He only smiled. Later, when the porter came in, I mentioned it to him. He said, "Lady, I see you do not belong here; where are you from?" I told him. He said, "I have often heard of Massachusetts. I want to see that place." "Yes!" I said, "you can ride there on the cars, and no person would be allowed to speak to you as those men did to me." He explained that those

men were constables, who were in search of a man who had eloped with another man's wife. "That is the way they do here. Each morning you can hear of some negro being lynched;" and on seeing my surprise, he said, "Oh, that is nothing; it is done all the time. We have no rights here. I have been on this road for fifteen years and have seen some terrible things." He wanted to know what I was doing down there, and I told him it was only the illness of my son that brought me there.

I was a little surprised at the way the poor whites were made to ride on this road. They put them all together by themselves in a car, between the colored people's coach and the first-class coach, and it looked like the "laborers' car" used in Boston to carry the different day laborers to and from their work.

I got to Marion, Miss., at two o'clock in the morning, arrived at Vicksburg at noon, and at Shreveport about eight o'clock in the evening, and found my son just recovering from a severe hemorrhage. He was very anxious to come home, and I tried to secure a berth for him on a sleeper, but they would not sell me one, and he was not strong enough to travel otherwise. If I could only have gotten him to Cincinnati, I might have brought him home, but as I could not I was forced to let him remain where he was. It seemed very hard, when his father fought to protect the Union

and our flag, and yet his boy was denied, under this same flag, a berth to carry him home to die, because he was a negro.

Shreveport is a little town, made up largely of Jews and Germans and a few Southerners, the negroes being in the majority. Its sidewalks are sand except on the main street. Almost all the stores are kept either by the Jews or Germans. They know a stranger in a minute, as the town is small and the citizens know each other; if not personally, their faces are familiar.

I went into a jewelry store one day to have a crystal put in my watch, and the attendant remarked, "You are a stranger." I asked him how he knew that. He said he had watched me for a week or so. I told him yes, I was a stranger and from Boston. "Oh! I have heard of Boston," he said. "You will not find this place like it is there. How do you like this town?" "Not very well," I replied.

I found that the people who had lived in Massachusetts and were settled in Shreveport were very cordial to me and glad to see me. There was a man murdered in cold blood for nothing. He was a colored man and a "porter" in a store in this town. A clerk had left his umbrella at home. It had begun to rain when he started for home, and on looking for the umbrella he could not, of course, find it. He asked the porter if he had seen it. He said no, he had not. "You

answer very saucy," said the clerk, and drawing his revolver, he shot the colored man dead. He was taken up the street to an office where he was placed under one thousand dollars bond for his appearance and released, and that was the end of the case. I was surprised at this, but I was told by several white and colored persons that this was a common occurrence, and the persons were never punished if they were white, but no mercy was shown to negroes.

I met several comrades, white and colored, there, and noticed that the colored comrades did not wear their buttons. I asked one of them why this was, and was told, should they wear it, they could not get work. Still some would wear their buttons in spite of the feeling against it. I met a newsman from New York on the train. He was a veteran, and said that Sherman ought to come back and go into that part of the country.

Shreveport is a horrid place when it rains. The earth is red and sticks to your shoes, and it is impossible to keep rubbers on, for the mud pulls them off. Going across the Mississippi River, I was amazed to see how the houses were built, so close to the shore, or else on low land; and when the river rises, it flows into these houses and must make it very disagreeable and unhealthy for the inmates.

After the death of my son, while on my way back to Boston, I came to Clarksdale, one of the

stations on the road from Vicksburg. In this town a Mr. Hancock, of New York, had a large cotton plantation, and the Chinese intermarry with the blacks.

At Clarksdale, I saw a man hanged. It was a terrible sight, and I felt alarmed for my own safety down there. When I reached Memphis I found conditions of travel much better. The people were mostly Western and Northern here; the cars were nice, but separate for colored persons until we reached the Ohio River, when the door was opened and the porter passed through, saying, "The Ohio River! change to the other car." I thought, "What does he mean? We have been riding all this distance in separate cars, and now we are all to sit together." It certainly seemed a peculiar arrangement. Why not let the negroes, if their appearance and respectability warrant it, be allowed to ride as they do in the North, East, or West?

There are others beside the blacks, in the South and North, that should be put in separate cars while traveling, just as they put my race. Many black people in the South do not wish to be thrown into a car because all are colored, as there are many of their race very objectionable to them, being of an entirely different class; but they have to adapt themselves to the circumstances and ride with them, because they are all negroes. There is no such division with the whites. Except

in one place I saw, the workingman and the millionaire ride in the same coaches together. Why not allow the respectable, law-abiding classes of the blacks the same privilege? We hope for better conditions in the future, and feel sure they will come in time, surely if slowly.

While in Shreveport, I visited ex-Senator Harper's house. He is a colored man and owns a large business block, besides a fine residence on Cado Street and several good building lots. Another family, the Pages, living on the same street, were quite wealthy, and a large number of colored families owned their homes, and were industrious, refined people; and if they were only allowed justice, the South would be the only place for our people to live.

We are similar to the children of Israel, who, after many weary years in bondage, were led into that land of promise, there to thrive and be forever free from persecution; and I don't despair, for the Book which is our guide through life declares, "Ethiopia shall stretch forth her hand."

What a wonderful revolution! In 1861 the Southern papers were full of advertisements for "slaves," but now, despite all the hindrances and "race problems," my people are striving to attain the full standard of all other races born free in the sight of God, and in a number of instances have succeeded. Justice we ask, — to be

citizens of these United States, where so many of our people have shed their blood with their white comrades, that the stars and stripes should never be polluted.

APPENDIX

ROSTER OF SURVIVORS OF THIRTY-THIRD UNITED STATES COLORED TROOPS

THE following are the names of officers and men as near as I have been able to reach.

Colonel T. W. Higginson.
Lieut.-Col. C. T. Trowbridge.

COMPANY A.

Capt. Charles E. Parker,
Lieut. John A. Trowbridge,
Lieut. J. B. West,
O.-Sergt. Joseph Holden,
1st Sergt. —— Hattent,
2d Sergt. Wm. Jackson,
Thomas Smith,
George Green,
Manly Gater,
Paul Jones,
Sancho Jenkins,
London Bailey,
Edmund Mack,
Andrew Perry,
Morris Williams,
James Dorsen,
Abel Haywood.

COMPANY B.

Capt. Wm. James,
O.-Sergt. Bob Bowling,
2d Sergt. Nathan Hagans,
3d Sergt. Cato Wright,
4th Sergt. Frederick Parker,
5th Sergt. Wm. Simmons,
Corp. Monday Stewart,
Corp. Allick Seymore,
Corp. Lazarus Fields,
Corp. Boson Green,
Corp. Steven Wright,
Corp. Carolina Hagans,
Corp. Richard Robinson,
David Hall,
Edward Houston,
Smart Givins,
John Mills,
Jacob Riley,
Frederick Procter,
Benj. Gordon,
Benj. Mason,
Sabe Natteal,

Joseph Noyels,
Benj. Mackwell,
Thos. Hernandes,
Israel Choen,
Steplight Gordon,
Chas. Talbert,
Isaac Jenkins,
Morris Polite,
Robert Freeman,
Jacob Watson,
Benj. Managualt,
Richard Adams,
Mingo Singleton,
Toney Chapman,
Jos. Knowell,
Benj. Gardner.

COMPANY C.

Capt. A. W. Jackson,
2d Sergt. Billy Milton,
Corp. Peter Waggall,
Corp. Henry Abrams,
Martin Dickson, Drummer,
Roddrick Langs, Fifer,
Joseph Smith,
Solomon Major,
John Brown,
Bram Strowbridge,
Robert Trewell,
Jerry Fields,
Paul Fields,
William Johnson,
Bram Stoved,
Robert Mack,
Samuel Mack,
Jack Mack,
Simon Gatson,
Bob Bolden,
James Long,
O.-S. Frederick Brown.

COMPANY D.

Sergt. Isaiah Brown,
Luke Wright,
Dick Haywood,
Stephen Murrel,
Jos. Halsley,
Nathan Hazeby,
O.-Sergt. Robert Godwen,
Peter Johnson,
Cæsar Johnson,
Sampson Cuthbert.

COMPANY E.

Capt. N. G. Parker,
Corp. Jack Sallens,
Quaker Green,
Abram Fuller,
Levan Watkins,
Peter Chisholm,
Scipio Haywood,
Paul King,
Richard Howard,
Esau Kellison,
Chas. Armstrong,
Washington Demry,
Benj. King,
Luke Harris,
William Cummings.

COMPANY F.

Capt. John Thompson,
Sergt. Robert Vandross,

Sergt. Cæsar Alston,
2d Sergt. Moses Green,
Corp. Samuel Mack,
Edmund Washington,
Isaac Jenkins,
Chas. Seymore,
Frank Grayson,
Bristow Eddy,
Abram Fields,
Joseph Richardson,
James Brown,
Frederick Tripp,
Frost Coleman,
Paul Coleman,
Robert Edward,
Milton Edward.

COMPANY G.

Capt. L. W. Metcalf,
Sergt. T. W. Long,
Corp. Prince Logan,
Corp. Mark Clark,
Corp. James Ash,
Corp. Henry Hamilton,
Roddrick Long,
Benjamin Turner,
David Wanton,
Benjamin Martin,
John Ryals,
Charles Williams,
Hogarth Williams,
Benjamin Wright,
Henry Harker.

COMPANY H.

Capt. W. W. Sampson,
1st Sergt. Jacob Jones,
2d Sergt. Thomas Fields,
Corp. A. Brown,
Corp. Emmanuel Washington,
Jackson Danner,
Joseph Wright,
Phillips Brown,
Luke Harris,
Lazarus Aikens,
Jonah Aikens,
Jacob Jones,
Thomas Howard,
William Williams,
Jack Parker,
Jack Ladson,
Poll McKee,
Lucius Baker.

COMPANY I.

2d Sergt. Daniel Spaulding,
Corp. Uandickpe,
Corp. Floward,
Corp. Thompson.

COMPANY K.

O.-Sergt. Harry Williams,
2d Sergt. Billy Coleman,
3d Sergt. Cæsar Oston,
Jacob Lance,
Jack Burns,
Wm. McLean,
Geo. Washington,
David Wright,
Jerry Mitchell,
Jackson Green,
David Putnam,

B. Lance,
Ward McKen,
Edmond Cloud,
Chance Mitchel,

Leon Simmons,
Prince White,
Stephen Jenkins.

Quarter-Master Harry West.
Quarter-Master's Sergt., Edward Colvin.

A LIST OF THE BATTLES FOUGHT BY THE THIRTY-THIRD U. S. COLORED TROOPS, FORMERLY FIRST S. C. VOLUNTEERS.

Darien, Ga., and Ridge	1862
St. Mary's River and Hundred Pines	1862
Pocotaligo Bridge[1]	1862
Jacksonville, Fla.	1863
Township	1863
Mill Town Bluff[2]	1863
Hall Island	1863
Johns Island	1863
Coosaw River	1863
Combahee and Edisto[3]	1863
James Island[4]	1864
Honey Hill	1864

[1] Many prisoners and stores captured.
[2] Four prisoners captured.
[3] 300 prisoners captured.
[4] Fort Gregg captured.

Wallace Reid

HIS LIFE STORY

AS RELATED BY

HIS MOTHER

BERTHA WESTBROOK REID

SORG PUBLISHING COMPANY
NEW YORK, N. Y.
1923

Enhanced 1915 official studio photograph of Wallace Reid
Courtesy of Nancy Hanks Lincoln Public Library

PREFACE

So many conflicting things have been spoken and written of my beloved son, WALLACE REID, that I feel sure he ardently wishes me to have a little "talk" with those he so dearly loved, and who as dearly loved him,—his much loved "public", the world—all of whom, were to him, his trusted friends and brothers.

I have had so many requests for photographs and incidents of his childhood,—so many—that no matter how much pleasure I would take in gratifying each and every request from the world of those who love him, for the clean joy he gave them, and who love him even more deeply in his hour of sacrifice,—but I regret I cannot possibly reach them individually. However, I am trying to reach every one of these, by means of this little story and its pictures.

No one can better understand than his mother, the sorrow and deep regret that she could not be with her dearly beloved and only child in his hour of pain and of his going away.

Surely you would like to know him in his baby-hood, his boy-hood and his young man-

hood—for he travelled no further—when the call to "ATTENTION" came. You know now that he responded with signal courage, that he never wavered nor looked back, but pushed bravely on, into the Valley of the Shadow, nor did he pause, but passed on through the Grim Portal of Mystery and stood before the Infinite General over all of Eternity's Battles. "Here."—"Well done, thou good and faithful."

I, his mother, am proud that he did not wait for an hour of adversity, but took up this self imposed battle, at the very zenith of his fame, his prosperity and his allotted span. For this greatest victory of all, he laid down his life. He simply refused defeat. Thereby, his marvelous strength of character is irrefutably proven.

To me, his mother, he is both martyr and hero. I weep for his martyrdom and glory in his high heroism!!

These are the flowers gathered from his mother's heart and lovingly, sorrowfully laid upon the altar of his memory.

BERTHA WESTBROOK REID.

New York City,
January, 1923.

DEAR READER:

Just as this book goes to press, it is with unlimited pride and joy that I can announce to you, as evidence of the high esteem in which my son was held, both as gifted artist and for his fine, clean manhood, that "The Famous Players - Lasky Corporation" with whom he was so long and so pleasantly associated, loving him like a son and a brother, will erect at Hollywood, to this ideal young American, a great bronze statue.

I know you will rejoice with me over this splendid and enduring Memorial to his honor!

HIS PROUD MOTHER

February 28, 1923

CHAPTER I.

HIS PARENTAGE.

AN AMERICAN pure and simple, was Wallace Reid. By blood, through every branch of his family tree, on both his father's and mother's side, he was an American.

On his father's side, Wallace's great-great grandfather was Lieut. Col. James Reid of the Revolutionary War. His great-grandfather, John Reid, settled on farm lands between Cedarville and Xenia, Ohio. He was brother of Robert Reid, father of the late Whitelaw Reid, Minister Plenipotentiary to France and to the Court of St. James. He was the first of our Ambassadors to address the French in their own language. He owned the New York Tribune, having won the confidence of its famous old owner, Horace Greeley.

Wallace's father, James Halleck Reid, turned to newspaper writing in his boyhood. His first advancement came as a reporter on the Cincinnati Times Star, under Charles P. Taft, owner, and brother of former President William Howard Taft, at present Supreme Court Judge. Both Judge Taft and his brother were personal friends of Wallace's father, who, at the height of his fame, numbered many other notables as his friends; among them, John Hay, William McKinley and Theodore Roosevelt.

Wallace's grand-father, Dr. Hugh M. Reid, was Professor of Dentistry in the Ohio Dental College. Later, he occupied the same chair in the University of Minnesota. After the death of his wife, a Kentuckian of Revolutionary stock, he retired to a farm near Red Bank, New Jersey, where he died.

Wallace's father was author of many successful plays, among them "Human Hearts," "The Night Before Christmas," "The Confession," "The Peddler", "The Prince of the World," "At the Old Cross Roads" and other dramatic pastorals. He died two years ago.

On his mother's side, Wallace's great-great grandfathers, both, cultivated large plantations in Virginia with the work of numerous slaves, in the days of the old Dominion. His maternal great-great grand-mother, in particular, "belonged" to some of the proudest families in those proud old days. In fact, both sides of the Virginia stock, numbered among them such names as the Dabneys, Farrows, Jennings, Strothers—"names to conjure with." His mother's grand-father was, for many years, an honored Judge on the bench in Macoupin County, Illinois and declined to be sent to the United States Senate, preferring the happiness of home and family. He was the owner of many farms, numbering thousands of acres,—also grist and flour mills. Their daughter, Mary Virginia, married Col. "Harry" Westbrook of St. Louis, formerly of New York City, who liked to tell of days when corn fields flourished at Twenty-third Street. Two brothers of his grandmother were ministers in the pulpit; one of whom, now retired, enjoys good health, at the age of ninety-

four. There is also a sister, ninety-two, so that his maternal grand-mother, "sweetheart Virginia" as Wallace called her, is a mere slip of a girl—only eighty-four and enjoying the same good health. His grandfather reached the age of eighty-two.

Wallace frequently boasted that he would live to be one hundred years old, and to me, the boast seemed entirely within reason. Alas for reasonable expectancies, and unreasonable realities!

Wallace's mother was reared and educated in St. Louis, where she enjoyed two social seasons, when she became a member of the old McCullough Club for amateur theatricals. The Dean of our American Playwrights, Augustus Thomas, was a member of that club also, and she had the honor of appearing with the distinguished author in one of his early playlets, "The Last Call." Then followed a pretentious historic play in blank verse at the then, high class, Grand Opera House. The favorable newspaper comments determined her upon an histrionic career with Shakesperian roles as the shining and distant goal. "Ignis fatuus" or the "foot of the rainbow" have been no less elusive. If ever she is to shine in "propria persona," the faithful little god of Hope, smiling rogue that he is, whispers the theory of reincarnation upon which to pin such unrequited ambitions. Then plain visaged Reason tugs at Better Judgment, prompting that those ambitions have been fulfilled in the high artistic success and fair fame, attained by her dear boy, Wallace—and she is content.

CHAPTER II.

HIS BIRTH AND BABYHOOD.

Wallace's father and myself were married in Kansas City at the home and by a Southern Methodist Episcopal minister. We went to Chicago, thence to Cincinnati, where he wrote and we produced, one of his earliest pastoral plays, "A Home-spun Heart." This was played for some time. Later, we went to my father's home in St. Louis. Our fortunes carried us into the Northern cities. Thence into Minneapolis. There we appeared together in "Two Orphans," he playing Jacques Frochard and I the blind Louise. The success of this role inspired Mr. Reid to write a blind girl as the heroine of his play, "A Daughter of the Confederacy," which saw many years of success under varying auspices, having been converted later into a stellar vehicle for Stella Mayhew, as the faithful Southern mammy. From that time on, we never played in any plays or companies but our own and he never wrote a failure.

The time came when I knew that the great responsibility of a human soul-flower, an incarnated spiritual entity out of the fathomless mystery of No-where, was to be entrusted to my care, and the sacredness of that trust, was ever present with me from that time—

months before Wallace came to me—until the terrible and tremendous day when he went from me.

Every single day found its conscience imposed duties performed, gladly, happily. An hour each. was devoted to the most conscientious efforts to draw and paint good pictures, to practice the best class of music within my abilities, to write the best original prose of which I was capable, to healthful exercises and the bath, to the reading of good, clean literature and to religious thought and study, and I surrounded myself with many pictures of beautiful children, which I frequently intently studied. In short, I was a believer in the immeasurable power of pre-natal influence.

Wallace was born in St. Louis, Missouri, April 15th, 1892. He weighed eleven and three-quarter pounds and was a perfect specimen of baby-hood. His eyes were large, bright and dark blue, like dewy violets, his skin was fair, his cheeks and lips as red as roses, and his hair was so flaxen that we called him "Cotton-top." That was his reason for signing himself "Wallace Cotton-top" on the very last photo of himself he sent to me. He learned the words so dear to parents, "Mamma" and "Papa" at the early age of seven months.

About that time, business took us to Minneapolis, where the famous actor, Edmund Collier, father of our equally famous comedian, William Collier, called upon us, looking for a starring vehicle. The play "Human Hearts" was written to order for him; but Mr. Collier was destined never to play the role he liked so well.

We were stopping with Wallace's doting grandparents, Dr. and Mrs. Reid, whose pleasure it was to remove his little tub to the living room, where he was given his daily bath in state. His two devoted aunts, Mrs. Clements and Mrs. Levering, made special pilgrimages daily, to witness his solemnly puzzled rosy face, as he would grasp firmly a handful of water, bringing it to the surface—oh, so cautiously—opening his chubby fist, and when he saw nothing, his look of utter astonishment was very amusing to all.

He learned to talk early and increased his vocabulary rapidly.

We travelled more or less at this time, and it was very difficult to refuse strangers, who constantly flattered his proud parents, by seeking to "borrow" him while on the train. We came to New York City. I would take him into old Madison Square for his daily airing, where a conspicuous figure of those days, George Francis Train, known as "Citizen Train," would coax him away from the grass to his bench, where the brilliant man would find the little fellow immensely entertaining. You see he was destined to be beloved from the very beginning.

About this time, his father and myself were specially engaged for a revival of "The Phoenix," in which I played Dolly Noble's role. Wallace was taken to the matinee by his nurse. When I came upon the stage as the little flower girl—much to the delight of the audience—Wallace shouted gleefully, "Oh, there's my mamma!"

CHAPTER III.

HIS CHILDHOOD.

About this time, "Human Hearts" was produced under the management of Henry C. Miner, with Wallace's parents in the stellar roles. None were more interested than baby Wallace, flitting busily about the dark stage and empty auditorium in his white dress, like a small ray of pale sunshine. In a few rehearsals, we were astonished to find that he knew every line. This play was one of the most lucrative and long lived dramas by an American playwright. From this time on, every play his father wrote, proved successful, and they were many. So that there were ample means for every opportunity and luxury that any child could enjoy. Wallace never knew anything but plenty from the cradle up; and every advantage that prosperity could give, was always his—and I am very grateful that they were.

He dearly loved to hear books read aloud to him, long before he had learned to read,—such books as "Scottish Chiefs," for he greatly admired the character of the famous Sir William Wallace. He also loved Marie Corelli's "Barabbas." He was permitted to take the train alone out to a great uncle's farm. In the station, he went to the news stand,—"I want Puck and

Judge for my light reading, and give me 'Barabbas' for my 'bestantial.' "

One day, we took an excursion steamer, running out in the open ocean to Long Branch, New Jersey. It was very rough. The roses faded from Wallace's cheeks and lips, and he slipped to the floor. He leaned his flaxen head against the post and with despair in his big blue eyes said,—"Please stop this tippy old boat so we can get off. I am so 'mis-a-bul'!!! " Poor child, he was *so* sea-sick!

His ardent love of music showed itself in babyhood. Before the age of two, when things went wrong with him, which moved him either to anger or tears—I could go to the piano and begin to play, and he would come in and climb up in the nearest chair, and his troubles would be completely forgotten. Music was the effective mode of correction, prior to the flowering of the little mind into the age of reason, which latter method, he loved so well.

Wallace was an artist of no mean ability, both in oils and water colors. I have a small water color sketch from his brush,—not a copy, but strictly original—done by him, at the early age of eight years, which speaks for itself, promising an enviable place in the world of art.

He spent some months with my mother in St. Louis when he was a child, and at times we were away on business, when he would be left in his grandmother's charge. He always added to his prayers, the request that the dear Lord should "make me a good boy." One night after a day of especially numerous childish

mis-demeanors, he made the usual request, when suddenly he said,—"Now Lord, I've asked you so many times to make me a good boy—why don't you do it?" Again one night he prayed, "Please, dear Lord, make me like Sir William Wallace". After his prayer, he turned, saying, "Aunt Virginia, don't you think he is a good character to emulate?" He was not yet in trousers.

During this period, the devastating St. Louis cyclone occurred. The chimneys were first blown off the house and then both large bay windows were blown in, just as his grandmother was struggling to get through the house and into the cellar with him. As the windows crashed in, my mother shielding him with her body, the child fell to his knees, praying aloud to the Heavenly Father to save them. A little child's prayer was answered, for not one of the family was hurt.

One day he had been reprimanded severely by his grandmother, and he, in reprisal, pulled up some vines she had planted. She knew nothing of this, however. Finally, of his own volition, he brought a switch, saying,—"grandma, here is a switch, for I have been a bad boy. I pulled up your vines because you scolded me." Needless to say the switch was not used. But he stood ready to take his punishment, even inviting it—just as he did so recently—self-inflicted punishment for the sake of self-conquest, and as we all know, he stood by his colors and gave his life rather than retreat. This signal act of unfaultering courage was entirely consistent with his childish ideals.

About this time his imagination, the fabric out of which authors build, grew so vivid that he would get up in the small hours of the night and sit by the window watching what he thought were real people, disporting themselves in the moonlight, out upon the lawn and among the trees and shrubbery. Whoever of the family discovered him would listen to what he saw. Then he would be perfectly satisfied to go back to bed and to sleep.

Children of his own age did not understand him, so he preferred mostly the companionship of grown-ups, especially in my father's home, where reading aloud was the nightly custom.

He was kaleidoscopic,—as the clock went round and round,—the design and coloring constantly changed. Consequently many people had no conception whatever of the fine-ness of the real man down in the calms beneath the restless ebb and flow of the surface.

CHAPTER IV.

IN THE HARBOR OF HOME.

We took an apartment on West End Avenue and afterwards leased one on One Hundred and sixteenth Street, near Columbia University, over-looking Morningside Park. In fact, at that time, the view was virtually uninterrupted in every direction. We bought a country place upon a hillside, at Highlands, New Jersey, where there was a far view of the picturesque Shrewsbury River and the broad Atlantic, for which reason we called it "Glory View." We gravitated between these two for some years, except as new productions carried us to other cities.

Strange to say, Wallace learned to swim in the Hudson River, where he would go bathing with some boys of the neighborhood. One day a crowd of boys concluded that it was time he knew how to swim so they pushed him over-board and ran, leaving him to sink or swim. Needless to say, he *swam!*

During this period, he was confirmed in the Episcopalian faith, by Reverend Hadley, son of the President of Yale University. Wallace possessed a deep religious vein which was frequently coming into evidence. However, he asked many questions, for his processes of thought were logical and he was never satisfied until he had received, what appealed to him,

as logical answers. He tried to think things out for himself after his own fashion; so that he was original in thought as well as logical. The first Christmas present he ever made to me, from some small earnings of his own—for he wished it to be *his* gift—was a small testament, scrawled on the fly leaf, "To Mamma, with love from Baby," which I have always carried with me and is my dearest treasure.

In the city he haunted the Metropolitan Museum of Fine Arts and similar places of interest, and good music drew him like a magnet. In the summer he revelled in long swims far out into the Atlantic Ocean and he won a medal at a contest for diving. He did some effective rescue work, both in aid of the regular life savers, and alone, for he was a swift and powerful swimmer and was possessed of unusual endurance. He also liked to swim inconceivable distances under water.

During this time he received an injury that necessitated a not very serious operation. We took him to the hospital. It was terrible to see him still under the ether, like one dead, as they brought him from the operating room on a stretcher. But the nurses found him intensely interesting with his quaint speeches and big words, of which he was perfectly unconscious, for they were in no wise an affectation.

In spite of the fact that Wallace had always known books on intimate terms, the day came when he began to read surreptitiously, and of course that meant books which he knew we would not approve. His aunt Maude ran upon one of these, "Dick Dead-eye" I

believe. Instead of forbidding him to read it we insisted on reading it aloud. Knowing his love of logic and consequent vulnerability, we subjected the book to every critical analysis and that more than powerful weapon, delicate ridicule. He grew very much ashamed that it had interested him at all, and he begged us not to continue reading it, which of course we were secretly only too happy to do. That was the only time I ever knew him to be interested in cheap and trashy literature, up to the time I last saw him in April, for he had accumulated a splendid library.

Wallace was fond of dogs and birds. He had a pair of beautiful Llewellyn setters, of which he was very fond. One of these that he called Jack, would sit beside him in the car and lean against his shoulder and look up into his face with the silliest most sentimental expression; and thus he would ride for miles. He was just too ludicrous for words and afforded much amusement to passers-by.

When Christmas came again, his present to his mother and father was a poem each, bound in brown suede leather, appropriately ornamented by himself.

He did far more worthy literary work at the age of fifteen, but unfortunately those were destroyed by fire.

He was just twelve years old when he wrote these, and I hope they will prove interesting to his admirers. Here they are, dedications and all:—

To
MY MOTHER
With all the love of her son,
WALLACE REID
Christmas 1904.
Dedicated to
My Mother.
W. WALLACE REID.

"She who has stood by her two erring boys with the patience of Job and the forgiveness of the Saviour."

MOTHER LOVE.

"As I sit by the rain-lashed window
Looking out on the dreary day,
Thy vision comes before me,
And drives the rain away,
To leave but the glorious sunshine
Of a love so pure and good,
I deserve not, tho' it is mine
The love of motherhood."

"That love so great and glorious,
That the waters as they swirled—
Sang, "The hand that rocks the cradle,
Is the hand that rules the world."
The poets sing of heroes
And martyrs great and good,
But none so pure as thou dear,
With thy love of motherhood."

"And when thou diest, thou wilt leave
Below thee, here on earth,
Two rusty links of a broken chain,
That wither at thy birth.
Then thou wilt wait to greet us,
As we travel the darksome wood
Waiting the while to meet us
With thy love of motherhood."

To

MY FATHER

With all the love of his son,

WALLACE REID

Christmas 1904.

"An Apostrophe to my Father. All love to you."

Dedicated to

MY FATHER,

W. WALLACE REID.

"He who deserves great admiration for a wonderful change."

A SIMILE.

" 'Tis dull and gloomy—
The pall of the mountain mist
Hangs low upon the land.
No sound except the curdling shriek
Of a fast receding train,
The dismal clang of bells—

Indeed the world is dull and bare
And the trees with naked branches in the mist,
Can send a shudder to your very soul."

"But lo! the sun bursts forth
Driving the mists
Like a flock of frightened sheep
That have been ravaged by the killer.

Away! to seek a refuge
In the mist-clad mountain-top
And see the trees, that 'fore
Had seemed so bare and naked,
Now unfold the gorgeous colorings of the Autumn leaves,
Which had been hidden in the
All enshrouding mists—
The whole earth takes on
A cheerful aspect—then—

"So like thy life, oh father, just
The mist of misery and unrest, and then
The glorious sunshine of the re-enlightened soul."

"So be it always—to which,
Amen."

Wallace wrote the two following poems at sixteen years of age, at college:—

RETROSPECTION.

"Thy vision pure and restful
  In a dreamy golden haze,
Brings back fond remembrances
  Of joyous sweetheart days."
"When we wandered in the meadow
  And by the babbling brook,
When first our love flower blossomed
  And your hand in mine I took."

"When on languorous summer evenings,
  'Neath the sighing wind-kist trees
Every worldly care and sorrow,
  Would your gentle words appease."

"But those blissful days are over,
  Like a transient flitting dream
Now no more than happy memories
  They, through recollection, gleam."

"For the quick and eager passion
  Of ardent, glowing youth
Is replaced by something calmer
  Sweet devotion, sweeter truth."

"Now on peaceful summer evenings,
  When the silver lady moon
Casts her scintillating pathway
  O'er the sparkling lagoon,"

"While we sit in quiet survey
Of the mem'ry-laden past,
Thinking of our former crosses
And the peace that came at last,"
"There is something links us closer
With its blessed golden strands,
Welded for all time together,
By the touch of baby hands."

SECLUSION'S DREAM.

"Around these dank and lichen covered walls,
The wind is wailing out its mournful strain
As if in pain
And ever and anon through sounding halls
Reëchoes from without the wierd refrain."
"Around this solemn ruin thunder rolls,
Rattling the shattered window on its sill
Then all is still;
My fancy pictures the departed souls
That once these mighty halls did fill."
"And once again I see midst myriad lights,
The stately measures of the minuet—
My eyes are wet,
For when my lonely soul reviews these sights,
My long forgotten grief assails me yet."
"The memories of days when I was young
And life and love lay forward, unalloyed
And I enjoyed
The tales of 'venture that the minstrels sung
Awhile the feasters with Madeira toyed."

"And I would sit and dream of future days
When with my fair-haired sweetheart by my side
Across the tide
Singing with mad abandon ancient lays
I'd skim, and safe to harbour glide."

"But ere my golden dreams fruition bore
Or I in turn could bear my love away
One awful day
Came unexpected call from Lethe's shore
And my Adored, hard fate, could but obey."

"Since then I've been a recluse, living here
Amidst the phantoms of my only love
Nor will I move
Till comes the Lethean summons to my ear
That I may join my heart's desire above."

CHAPTER V.

MOSTLY JUST BOY.

This was the age for the reading of James Fennimore Cooper's works—"Pathfinder," "Deer Slayer" and the like. The forest crowned hills and small glens with their rivulets, were a boyish inspiration,—especially the fact that scenes of the above author's book, "Water Witch," were laid in the immediate neighborhood, where even then the gate posts with an enormous iron latch, and the remnants of the old chimney of the inn, made famous by the book, called "Rust-in-Lust," were still standing. The pirate's stairway is still there. It is crude, is of stone but intact. It leads to the spring at which old Hendrick Hudson filled his fresh water casks before proceeding to discover the majestic Hudson River. What rich food for active young imaginations! He found a congenial boy about his own age and one became "Kit" and the other "Snake," and they could not possibly communicate with each other except in "code."

They built a hut in some "secret" place, where they could have a fire and read Cooper to their hearts' content and hear the wolves howl outside and the war-whoops of the savage Indians, as they fell upon some pioneer white man's log cabin, flourishing firebrands and scalping knives!

Wallace would go to bed in regulation fashion, have his bath, say his prayers and be tucked in. He would

lie there wide awake, tense, silent and listening. After an interminable lapse of time, the piano would cease, laughter would die away and darkness and silence envelope the house. A low whistle (code, of course) would reach his listening ears. He would silently, swiftly slip into his clothes and with the utmost caution raise the screen, (yes, there were screens in this "path-finder's" abode) and slip cautiously down a sloping roof just outside his room window, and he was gone to follow that low, clear, *mysterious* whistle! He could just as easily have gone down the stairs and out the front door in perfect safety, for carefree households slumber soundly; but no, that would *never* do for a "path-finder" and slayer of wild Indians!

One night, when his father and mother were not there to see that all was well, in the small hours one of his aunts heard a dull foot-fall! She awakened her sister, enjoining silence. They listened in fear and trembling. The dull steady foot-falls continued. They concluded it was on the front porch and that it could not be a burglar, for he would be inside the house by that time. They plucked up courage and noiselessly, cautiously, made their way together down the stair-way in the darkness. They stole to the window and peered out. Self appointed, to guard the slumbering inmates of the home, in the absence of his parents, those bulwarks of safety to childish minds, there was Wallace patrolling solemnly back and forth —back and forth—on the front porch, with an old gun in the crotch of his shoulder, and his legs bound with strips of cloth, in lieu of leggings, in true military style.

We never were just clear as to which was "Kit" and which was "Snake," but it was Wallace, whichever brave pioneer he might have been.

One day I heard of his growing intimacy with a very non-descript lad, and of whom it was rumored that he was pilfering from the till of his father's fish market. I told Wallace of my objections to him, as a fitting companion for my son. Of course it was hopeless for him to try to make me comprehend a "pioneer's" view-point on human valuations, so he simply did not try. But like a loyal friend, that it was his inborn nature to be, he stoutly defended him; so stoutly, that I finally said,—"Wallace, I do not wish to be unfair to your friend, and if I have been wrong, I shall give your friend the benefit of my error, so please ask him to join us at luncheon Saturday."

He was several years older than Wallace and lived some distance down the coast. He came, and of course he felt quite as much out of his element as one of his father's fish hawled up out of its native ocean. He evidently had never heard of a napkin, for when the maid finally opened it and handed it to him, he looked at it so puzzled, then laid it upon the table and never touched it again. The rest, I leave to the reader's imagination.

Suffice it to say, Wallace's enthusiasm for his new found friend began to wane and soon died away. He concluded that while he might be an interesting pioneer, yet there were others equally interesting; and as "stealing" was an ugly word, and in pioneer times,

capital punishment was inflicted upon horse thieves, he forth-with, (figuratively speaking), hung the offender to a tree—and forgot him. Besides, Wallace could not quite forget that he was linked fast to the twentieth century for a large portion of his time and he was ever alive to the eternal fitness of things.

In the course of his peregrinations he had met a little girl, possibly ten years or so of age, whose shy glances and golden curls had won his admiration. He had a small allowance of spending money paid him every Saturday morning. This money he religiously reserved for "treats" of ice cream and soda water every week-end for this little blue-eyed girl. Nor could all the blandishments of all the other youthful beauties of this period tempt him to one dish of ice cream disloyal to his one charmer. It was pleasing to note this budding trait of constancy.

One night Wallace, who had now concluded that it was not altogether "manly" to have his mother hear his prayers, called to me that he wished that I would hear them! I gladly came. He climbed into bed rather deliberately instead of jumping in like a young tornado as usual. I leaned over and kissed him and his arms clung to my neck. Finally, he asked me rather shame-facedly, to sit by him and hold his hand until he went to sleep. I sat down, and would have been dull if I had not known there was something weighing heavily upon his mind. An inspiration came to me.

The day had come to him that I believe comes to all red-blooded young American boys, "Kit" and "Snake" had planned to "run away;" and my parti-

cular branch of this youthful partnership was not finding it so pleasant when the time came, as he had so thrillingly anticipated. I said, "Now dear, if you and Johnnie want to run away, it is not necessary for you to go secretly. I will give you the railroad fare up to the city and enough money to give you a bed and food for two days. But after that you must look to your earnings, as you are now such big men. But for a little boy like you not to appreciate your home and family, horses and dogs any better than I see you do, then I shall immediately get another boy to take your place and he shall have your room and place at the table and there will be no further room for you; so you must not come back again. I will kiss you good-bye and you can write to me when you and Johnnie have conquered the world. I will pack your things and Hughie can drive you to the station. (kiss) Good-night dear." (start to go.)

The dear boy held tight to my hand and would not let me go, to my secret delight. "Mamma darling, I didn't want to go anyway—and please don't get another boy in my place. It was for Johnnie, because they don't treat him right at home and he was so unhappy, and I was only going for his sake."

He hugged me close and kissed me fervently and was so happy to be "back home again." That is how Wallace "ran away" only once and how my "prodigal" was welcomed "back home again."

That was the sort of domestic diplomacy employed toward Wallace when he was just a boy, in the sheltered harbor of home!

CHAPTER VI.

MILITARY SCHOOL AND COLLEGE DAYS.

We concluded that Wallace should be sent to Military School, because his great height was inclining him to stoop to be nearer the height of the boys of his age. The Freehold Military School (New Jersey) was selected.

Then busy days followed, getting his equipment together, marking things and going to the tailor to be fitted with military uniform and the like. Among other things required was a marked napkin ring. A sterling silver one was bought and his father had an inspiration to have it marked "On Guard." But Wallace regarded it as a "hoodoo," for that was one form of punishment used at the school. He held that napkin ring was a constant reminder to his instructors, who were as constantly putting him "On Guard."

One day, a number of these budding military officers had a lively skirmish (quite consistent, you see) and Wallace with his giant strength, was proving a formidable adversary, when some hot headed youth of Latin blood, stabbed him deep in the leg, and he was laid up in the school's hospital ward for repairs. But he would not hear to my being notified; and I never knew until he came home on his vacation, when he showed me the scar.

He suffered from home sickness a great deal, so his aunt Maude (my sister) and myself made frequent trips to Freehold on visiting days.

These youthful soldiers were given three minutes in which to dress. Wallace and his room-mate would prepare their trousers, lay them on top of the bed so that they could pull their legs out from under the covers and thrust them into their trousers as they lay upon their beds. They figured this out to a "nicety" and practiced it until their skill and speed were breath-taking!

They were assembled for inspection and in military style, they must present their hands, palms down, for inspection of their finger nails. These young rogues would clean all but their thumb nails, which they concealed in their palms, and they were perfectly delighted with the tremendous saving of energy they had thus achieved.

However, his percentages were low—appallingly low—but his bills were equally high. We learned that the "Major," then quite young himself, had a car. And in those days cars were far from reliable mechanically, or as to tires; and in our first experience, Wallace had learned to drive and had been quick to grasp the mechanical mysteries; also the herculean task of "changing tires." He was very convenient when the car called for cranking, as self-starters were entirely unknown. So when youth met youth and there was a car, the call of the great out-of-doors was, not unnaturally, resistless. So they enjoyed the Major's car and the percentages suffered.

No wonder Wallace had learned something about a car! The first one, for which we were persuaded to part with perfectly good money, for the questionable joy of owning, was known as the "Long Distance." At that time automobiles were more or less of curiosities and were surely less than reliable modes of travel. None could have been worse than ours, for in the one month we owned it, the bill for repairs was four hundred dollars.

One day out of this entire month of ownership, Wallace was permitted to take the car alone. He drove the very "long distance" of three miles from home and back as far as the draw-bridge at Highlands, which has a considerable super-structure of iron work. Just as Wallace started onto the draw-bridge, there was a loud "bang" and the sound of falling pieces of iron and steel. Before the "bang" was half finished, Wallace had scaled the iron super-structure like a flying squirrel. The pieces were picked up and the wreck was towed on to the boat for New York, thence to the junk yard.

One hot, hot day of that eventful month, we had reached Sea Bright, had drawn up to the curb and had done our marketing. When we came back to the car, the rest of us climbed in and sat there in the blazing sun, for it had no "top." Wallace cranked and cranked. The perspiration streamed down his face. A well dressed pale young Italian, with a dainty black moustache, stood in the shade smiling and watching Wallace's fruitless efforts in the glaring sun. The heat, the exertion and the utter lack of response

from the car, and the cool and smiling young Italian in the shade, began to irritate him. Wallace continued to "crank" and to perspire and his eyes now blazed. The cool young Italian finally said very pleasantly, "grinda-da-organ, maka-no-music." Wallace started for him. I had seen the inevitable and jumped out. I succeeded in restraining Wallace. It was all so sudden that the young Italian never knew how much danger he was in, for he continued to smile encouragingly.

However, these experiences did not discourage us for we immediately bought a new one, our first Cadillac, which was quite well behaved and capable.

Wallace's aunt Maude and myself went to the closing exercises, where his only medal was for elocution and he was born with eloquence at his tongue's tip. This was a legitimate inheritance, not only from his parents, but from his grandfather, Col. "Harry" who was a fine orator.

Wallace was more than delighted to be back home.

We had bought a larger home directly across the road from the first one. The old one we leased during the summer months—one summer to Gustave Frohman and family. With them resided the father of the well known dramatic stars, Olive Windham and Janet Beecher. For two years it was leased by Perriton Maxwell, then Managing Editor of Cosmopolitan Magazine, who also made "Glory View" the birthplace of "The American Magazine." The larger one we now kept open most of the year. This we called "River Rest," for it was directly on and eighty feet

above the Shrewsbury River, and it was here that Wallace spent the greater part of his boyhood days.

We now kept two cars, one of which was for my personal use. This one Wallace liked. He would invite some boy friend and they would drive to some popular shore restaurant where there was music, and the two could feel quite grown up and almost blasé. Engagements with one of these young lads seemed to be growing in frequency, and as I had heard that he was rather fond of cocktails, this growing intimacy worried me.

They went one Saturday night, which was the fashionable night of the week at this particular restaurant. It was usually crowded with the most fashionable people of Monmouth County, for they had excellent music and were noted for their seafood and terrapin. Wallace's friend was very tall and gaunt. The two donned their dress suits and sallied forth. They were feeling especially important. They dined and smoked and lingered an hour or more and tried to look old in the ways of the world. His friend magnanimously volunteered to tip the waiter. Wallace paid the check. His friend, tipping his chair back, and thus stretching his full gaunt length into an inclined plane—as the expectant waiter had finally started to depart—he raised his hand pompously, motioning the man back again; and the poor fellow had no choice but to refuse the tip or turn up his palm to receive it. Being provident, he turned up his palm. Thereupon Wallace's companion, with much importance,

gravely dropped fifteen pennies into the astonished and disappointed waiter's hand.

Wallace assured me, in telling it, that he knew that every eye in the dining room was upon them and that they were smiling amusedly at two big children who thought they had grown up! As Wallace did not enjoy the prospect of similar embarassment, this intimacy naturally sickened and died.

When vacation was over, we sent him to a preparatory college for Princeton, which was also co-educational. While he still suffered more or less from his old malady of homesickness, he plunged with much enthusiasm into football, basketball and the like; and because he could not brook "mere girls" getting better percentages than himself, his percentages in his studies soared as high, as they had fallen low in the Military School.

Wallace remained in this college four years. He managed one of the football teams and became editor of the college paper. In the interim, he would occasionally run down to Allentown, Pennsylvania, and attend medical lectures, thinking of becoming a physician and surgeon, which was natural, as there were many of that profession both on his father's side and on my father's side of the house. However, I was having Wallace prepared for a classical course at Princeton, fitting him for a career of letters, for which he had given such early and brilliant promise.

Among the many young ladies attending this institution, there was one, pretty as a picture, with dimpling cheeks, a rose-leaf complexion, laughing

blue eyes, dainty as a fairy, brilliantly intelligent and intellectual and with perfect poise. In speaking of her to me, he said, "She is the only girl whom I sought to kiss who refused me that honor." She was his first fine, real love and she remained enshrined in his heart until he had offered her his heart and his name, and she had declined.

Wallace arranged for me to meet her and her mother at the old Knickerbocker Hotel, and I found her altogether winsome, cultured and charming.

Wallace lost much of his respect for the man at the head of this institution who, though very erudite, was not a man of much culture. The forfeiting of the boy's respect was for an unusual reason. He chanced to see this same professor treating his timid and shrinking little wife rather as a menial than an equal. He felt pity for the plain little woman and contempt for the spirit of over-weaning egotism in the man.

Now, was not that the material out of which real heroes are made?

CHAPTER VII.

COMMENCEMENT DAYS IN LIFE'S SCHOOL.

During vacation a "try-out" production of a play designed as a starring vehicle for Robert Edeson, "Unto the Fourth Generation," was made, in which Wallace played a college boy. Mr. Henry B. Harris (who went down on the Titanic) and his wife came from New York especially to see it. They were at once greatly enamoured of Wallace and sought to sign a contract for him to go under Mr. Harris' management in the spoken drama.

Miss Caryl Frohman, who also was quick to see the dramatic possibilities in this over-grown young college lad, sought to interest him in a contract with her brother, Daniel Frohman. But my intentions were that he should enter Princeton in the fall.

His father knew "Buffalo Bill" Cody quite well and conceived the brilliant idea of sending him out to Cody, Wyoming, for a little Wild West experience. He was not gone many weeks before his father grew homesick for the boy and had another bright inspiration and telegraphed him to come home at once that his mother was at the point of death. The poor boy, nearly distraught, started at once on the long journey back. His father had neglected to tell me of his sensational telegram, and when at last he reached his journey's end,

he rushed wildly to the house nearly frantic with anxiety, only to find us gone out in the car. But his father had accomplished his desire and was perfectly satisfied that the end had justified the means.

When a young birdling once falls from its nest, he may be replaced a dozen times, but he will at once proceed to fall out again. So it was with Wallace. He had had the taste of freedom, given by self-earned money, and Princeton had lost all charms for him; and try as I would to re-inspire him, it was unavailing, so that hope and ambition of his mother's alas! must needs go unfulfilled.

Mr. Perriton Maxwell placed him with Motor Magazine and Motor Boating. From there he went to the Newark Star, where he conducted a column headed "As Told in Essex." He liked the reportorial work for its color and variety and the element of chance there was in it.

The remuneration was small, however. He wished to bring a present to me. Some little milliner, where he boarded, suggested a hat and that she would make it. When he came home that week-end I saw him coming down the drive-way carrying a young pasteboard *trunk*. It contained the hat, a black velvet monstrosity of the "peach-basket" variety. Poor lad—his small earnings—how sorry for him I felt—he seemed such a trusting child to be out in the world alone—but the brave spirit of the boy to sacrifice something he might wish himself that his mother should be remembered—over this loving act I could rejoice genuinely and with much enthusiasm—but oh! that

hat! It was more of a black velvet tent, but I was heroic enough to wear it for his sake when he was home; and oh how glad I was when he himself concluded that somehow it did not just exactly fit my peculiar "style."

Sometime later his father wrote a dramatic playlet of Western life called "The Girl and the Ranger." He was suddenly disappointed by the man engaged to play the young husband, the time being very short before the opening date to secure a new man and rehearse him into the part, his father suggested Wallace, which I very bitterly opposed. He then promised to get an actor, if I would consent to Wallace getting "up" in the part for safety's sake—as understudy. I finally, very foolishly, consented. Wallace learned the part and went on the road with his father in this one-act play.

But that was short-lived.

CHAPTER VIII.

LITTLE ADVENTURES OUT OF HOME HARBOR.

The tour of "The Girl and the Ranger" was one of short duration. They landed in Chicago, where Wallace had his first taste of the "movies."

I was severely wounded in an automobile accident shortly after this and they returned to the East.

Soon afterward his father wrote the play "The Confession," which had its original production in Baltimore with the written approval of the late Cardinal Gibbons. The management of this play requested me to call upon Bishop McFaul of Trenton, New Jersey, prior to its appearance in that city; after which they sent me to Providence, Rhode Island, where I had the honor of being the first woman ever permitted to address the Catholic Club there, upon a night other than "Ladies' Night."

Such well known artists as Theodore Roberts and Orrin Johnson were in the cast. The play was then brought to New York City, where I was asked to lend my services in polishing it up for New York production. It opened at the Bijou Theatre to a crowded house, among whom were many distinguished New Yorkers and a number of personages of title.

We attended the opening performance, including Wallace of course. This brought the boy into contact with many society people and other persons prominent in New York and elsewhere. Among them was a brilliant and talented beauty of the Spanish type, but a highly cultured young American girl nevertheless—however, she was not a New Yorker. Wallace fell madly in love with her. She was beautiful of character and disposition, as well as young and marvellously beautiful to look upon, highly talented musically, cultured and altogether fascinating. Music, particularly the classics, was always a powerful magnet to Wallace in anyone, in those days. Then added to these, soft and shining brown eyes, warm coloring, grace of carriage and a thousand and one other charms—could one wonder? Seen together in New York's great hotels, in theatre parties, any where they went, there was not a couple in our great city who could compare with them. They seemed so eminently suited to each other.

Wallace enjoyed a wonderful winter in New York but he did not forget his mother and his home overlooking river and sea. But my boy was growing fast into manhood and venturing farther and for longer periods from the harbor of home.

The beautiful princess went abroad to other triumphs, but never was she spoiled by the tremendous admiration she received. She was also "rich" in this world's goods, so that she could and did dress like the princess she was.

Wallace went to the Vitagraph Company, where he gained his first real training for his triumphs, as the artist he afterwards became, in the silent drama. It was some time later, just when I cannot say, Wallace became engaged to the fairy princess. Who was she? Now, that would be telling—don't you think?

CHAPTER IX.

IN LIFE'S OPEN SEA.

Wallace remained for a time with the Vitagraph. The Reliance then sought him and offered him greater remuneration which, naturally, he accepted.

One day his father sent Wallace to the Universal to close a contract with them for the picturization of one of his dramas. This company recognized Wallace's picture possibilities and made him an offer, which he accepted.

It was summer time. My telephone rang. It was Wallace. "Mother dear, please come up town and meet me at the Knickerbocker Hotel for luncheon. I will not have the time nor opportunity to come down home, and I cannot go, 'sweetheart mother,' without seeing you before I do."

"GO! Go where, dear?" That *"go"* was a chilling word to me.

"The company very suddenly concluded to send me out to the coast, to their studio there."

The sun ceased to shine and an icy hand seemed to be freezing—crushing my heart.

"Did you hear, mother dearest?"

"Yes, my dear boy, and I will take the first Sandy Hook boat going up and wait for you at the hotel. Now don't forget," I said cheerily. Words may speak the

actual truth, as those words did, but oh, the falsehood in my voice! But I could not think of sending my boy, my only child, now all eagerness and bouyant enthusiasm, on that long journey so far away from home, except with pleasant and cheerful memories of his mother and home.

Some young lad who was being sent out there at the same time came with him. They were so full of hope and anticipation and happy confidence! We laughed and chatted gayly over our luncheon. I listened to their plans and what were then wonderful air-castles, and enthused with them. Who so heartless as to dampen their youthful ardor? Not a mother, surely. My heart was leaden but my lips smiled and they were radiantly happy, and Wallace never knew the knife in my heart, which that parting was to me. He never did know, for youth is care-free and thoughtless.

He never did know, even the last time I saw him; unless he is standing beside me now, with his hand upon my shoulder, following these lines as I pen them.

"Darling little mother—sweetheart mother mine!" I can almost hear him say—like he used to, when he would pick me up and raise me to the ceiling at home, revelling in that giant strength of his. This, I feel he has taken with him in the strength of character he showed in his last, greatest of all possible sacrifices, to hold fast to his own self command.

I am whispering to him in my heart, believing—clinging desparately in my believing—that he is with me now. "Oh, my darling—oh, my own—*mine*, once

more after so many years, do not leave me alone, suffering, sorrowing for you—for today I am no longer strong like in that day of parting so long ago. No, I am weak and clinging selfishly to you—holding you fast, for you, and you alone, can comfort me."

Balm of healing seems poured over my hurt heart, so I am surely not believing in vain that he is with me; nearer than in the long years while he was three thousand terrible miles away, sailing farther and farther away through sunshine and through gales.

Yes, he must be near me, otherwise "FOREVER" would be a long time—too long to endure.

CHAPTER X.

HIS EARLY SAILING INTO THE STRANGE PORT OF MATRIMONY.

Wallace wrote to me of his work and of his interests. He liked the West. Sometimes he was homesick, as was his wont at both the Military School and at College. I saw his interest in his Eastern home gradually wane, which caused the miles between us to grow and grow. He was still in his "teens" when he sailed so far away, so brave and so gay.

He was not there so many months when, one day in August, I received a letter announcing to me that he was to be married at Christmas. He wrote me that she was the "only girl in the world"—strange statement from an old man of nineteen—and that old fellow had determined to embark on the hidden sea of marriage with said "only girl." I took the liberty of advising them not to be in too much haste, and thereby grossly offended both these mettlesome young things.

I suggested that a little less speed would only be just and wise for the old gentleman of nineteen and the "only girl in the world." I thereby had committed an unforgivable crime. Such temerity on my part! Was it to be believed possible? I do not know yet whether I ever was quite forgiven for the awful offense. How could a mere mother—inexperienced

persons, these mothers—especially one, dreaming alone to the music of the whispering or thundering old Atlantic, with nothing but the scent of the sea in her nostrils, and only the light of the moon and the stars by which to read her thought-books. How could she understand the perfectly simple booking of passage on this much-travelled sea? Wise inexperience—and stupid mothers.

They at once took my advice and postponed their marriage from Christmas to the October thirteenth *pre*ceding—and in the year of our Lord, Nineteen Hundred and Thirteen. Am I forgiven? I wonder. I will be, however, when their *own* contemplates embarkation on this same strange sea some years hence. Yes, I will be forgiven then and understood quite some better.

But then, Life is just the same, the wide world over. So I smiled at their offended dignity. Yes, some years hence, they will see.

The next I knew, the old gentleman of nineteen and the "only girl in the world" had "set sail." They were now Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Reid. They worked together and played together and they very kindly permitted the "other mother" to do everything in the world she wanted to do for them, which was a very great deal.

Then after five years of this marriage voyage, a very wonderful day came for them both. Billy arrived and claimed them for his parents. Wallace adored children and his happy pride can be better imagined than described. Of course Dorothy was very proud

and very happy too, for was she not Billy's mother? So Billy was hailed with delight.

When Billy was six months old, business brought Wallace East. So he announced to me that he was bringing the "only girl in the world" and Billy,—bringing them HOME, to meet Wallace's mother and his "sweetheart Mary Virginia" aged eighty, his two small aunts, Uncle Fred and Grand-dad, "Col. Harry." Coming Home!!!!

I had not seen my over-sized "baby" for about *six years*. Coming Home! They would be East several months and could spend four or five weeks with me—Joyous News! I was to meet my new daughter and their baby. Best of all, they would be there in time for Christmas. I had a genuine Old-Dominion "Mammy"—"Mammy Lou" and in good "old Virginia" style—*she could cook!* Such preparations! A warm room was cleared out and transformed into a nursery. Many, many labors of love,—joyous labors, and a family re-union! Billy's first Christmas tree was to be the centre decoration for this old-fashioned Christmas dinner of everything that belonged to such a dinner.

The day before Christmas eve, they arrived in the afternoon, at Red Bank, New Jersey, where I met them with my car. He, so tall and broad shouldered and dignified with his new honor of fatherhood. She, so petite and with the whiteness that goes with—shall I say it?—red hair and the importance and dignity that belonged with being mother of Billy. There were of

course, no other babies in the world,—at least none worth mentioning!

My "family" all arrived and gave cordial welcome to my new daughter. She was far from her own mother and we were all strangers to her, except Wallace, Billy and his nurse. We bade them all three welcome, with our hearts full of love for them, no small portion of which belonged to King Billy,—all that any one could possibly wish for in a baby, was King Billy.

Christmas dinner, with everything that could be thought of to make it an old-fashioned, old Virginia plantation Christmas dinner. All the day before and, of course, all day Christmas Day, until the raisins, nuts and candy had been reached, I was the busiest mother hostess in Monmouth County, so I had no opportunity to visit with them, much less "hold" Billy. Night came and my mother and family departed and Billy was tucked away by his nurse, fast asleep for the night. We had just a small "supper" for the few of us left. Old Mammy Lou had worked very hard, but she wanted to speak to me, so I went to hear what it was.

"Miss Butha, please don't feel bad, but I wants to tell you. Mistah Wallace and Mrs. Reid is done gwine to town tomorrow mawnin'. "

"Why Mammy Lou," I said in astonishment, "you are surely mistaken. They are to be with us several weeks, for that is what Mr. Wallace himself told me."

"No, Miss Butha, I done heard Mrs. Reid ask Mr. Wallace to take her to de city tomorrow, case it's so long since she been to New York, and jes kain't wait

to git dar, case she near 'bout crazy to see a good New York show."

"Mistah Wallace say, 'I got no business 'gagement yit awhile.' "

" 'Please,' an' she put huh arms around his neck. Den Mistah Wallace he say, 'all right, dear.' "

"Now please, Miss Butha, don't you be too hurt so's Mistah Wallace kin see."

"Thank you, Mammy Lou, you're just the best Mammy Lou that ever was."

The next morning on the eleven o'clock train, into the city they went, just as Mammy Lou had said. They never knew but that I thought the "business engagement" was of the utmost importance.

How could I be expected to know—living alone, to the music of the whispering or thundering old Atlantic, with nothing but the scent of the sea in my nostrils, and only the light of the stars and the moon by which to read my book of thoughts?

Oh, well, the call to youth of the bright city lights, its gay music and dancing, the theatres—the crowds—how could I blame them? It was all so entirely human.

That night the voice of the old ocean was kind to me and the stars smiled in through my window. Nearly twenty centuries ago a bright star in the East, shown down upon Bethlehem and a little Child.

God was very good to the world, and yesterday was that Child's birthday, which we had celebrated. I was just one of the millions of grains of human sand. Yes, God was good, and Peace spread her mantle over me, and I sank into slumber—happy.

CHAPTER XI.

FAIR WEATHER IN PROSPERITY'S SEA.

His wife, baby and nurse went home first and Wallace followed as soon as the work which brought him, was finished.

They had purchased a typical California bungalow in Morgan Place, Hollywood, where Billy enjoyed his third Christmas with tree and plenty of toys. Wallace sent me a photo, showing the tree, and himself sitting upon a toy auto big enough and strong enough to hold his weight, with a windshield and all. There is another with rubber tires, starting crank, bell and all, with Billy at the wheel, and his mother leaning over him. Wallace is watching Billy and smiling, as are Billy and his mother, but they are looking ahead. There is a rocking rabbit and a toy desk, as big as the child—a picture of Christmas joy.

Wallace had accepted an offer from the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation. The "fan" mail, (letters from the admirers of the man and his work, letters from all over the world) had grown to such proportions that he had won stardom through his work and personality, and the firm gave it recognition.

His salary increased, as did his popularity; and they planned and built the house on DeLongpre Avenue, a long commodious structure, suggesting the

Moorish as well as the Spanish Mission. They moved from the Morgan Place house, which they sold. In the new home the rooms were large and airy, the French windows opening directly upon the terraces. While the lot is but an acre in size, yet it is bounded on three sides by avenues, one of which is Sunset Boulevard, which leads out to the sea beaches, Santa Monica and the like.

Wallace was fairly launched on the high sea of popularity and monetary success; still he remained the happy, care-free boy, thoroughly democratic and altogether a man's man, and yet a trusting, confiding boy, to whom intrigue was a sealed book, which he did not understand. Indeed, he but vaguely knew there was such a book, much less to know ought of its contents. His mind was as open as the sunlight and as care-free as the birds.

He was the soul of hospitality and his friends were legion. He had a wonderful library of fine editions of the best authors and some rare old volumes.

He had an arsenal of fine guns and pistols for all sorts of uses—for big game and little, for he was fond of hunting; and the open spaces and the solitudes of the mountains. He also tried his hand at archery and Billy had his bow as well as the grown-ups.

He had a wonderful den with an upright piano, a desk with drop-head and typewriter. There was a Victrola run electrically, which he would start, whether he was reading, writing or they were playing pool, for he had a table and plenty of cues. There was a large

boulder fire-place in this room, where a big wood fire blazed in the winter, and he made his own "fairy fire" to produce the beautiful colors found in a fire built of seashore driftwood. This he made in his own laboratory, which was remarkably equipped; particularly for a private home, for he loved experimentation in his hours of leisure. He had a microscope—the best—and he loved microscopic study. He had about everything that heart could desire and he knew the use of each and everything, and used them as well.

There was an attachment to the concert grand piano in the main living room, which could be converted into a pipe organ, and he spent much time playing it. He had about every musical instrument and there was not one of them that he could not play. There were guitars, banjos, six saxaphones, snare and bass drums and several fine violins and a viola or so. He was an unusually fine violinist for an amateur; and as for Victrolas, in addition to the one in the den, which by the way, was the one room that particularly reflected the man himself, there was a Victrola, electrically driven (as, in fact, they all were) in the arm of the overstuffed davenport in the main living room. There was one in console shape in the dining room, one in their boudoir upstairs in the shape of a large table lamp, a portable one to be carried "on location," as they call it, when they are called to localities not convenient to their own homes. In addition to these, there was another of the lamp variety in his dressing room at the studio.

Wallace sometimes painted in oils and there were several very creditable studies he had made, which were framed and hanging upon the walls.

He had a comparatively small projecting machine and silver sheet, which he sometimes used to run moving pictures in his den. He was fond of magic and would go to all kinds of trouble to entertain his friends with these mysteries. It was a perfect delight to him to see that he had seriously engaged and puzzled his guests.

There is a large swimming pool at the back of the house, and Billy is his father's own child as to swimming, for he is a perfect little fish in the water, and fearless, like his father.

Later, Wallace set up a regulation moving picture projecting machine in the library, when his friends would assemble in the long living room. This gave the distance for excellent moving pictures. Daily, one of his chauffeurs would go to Los Angeles and secure an evening's program of the current pictures. There were also some funny ones for Billy, which were run first, so that his nurse could get him to bed at a proper hour for a young man of his years.

After the pictures, the grown-ups would go to the den, where they would play pool or Wallace would work some tricks in magic, or they would play the piano.

Wallace, however, showed but little or no interest in cards; for he seemed to prefer a book or his violin or pipe organ music.

There were anywhere from a dozen to twenty or thirty people who would run in of an evening; some of the men with their wives; now and then they would bring one of their children. Many of them would come singly or in couples and most of them were people well known to the patrons of the moving pictures. Some brought knitting and they all seemed to enjoy the pictures as well as the patrons, who knew nothing of their construction.

Wallace had cars, from the days of that awful Long Distance, to many of the finest American makes. He liked a fast car and to drive fast when it was permissable; and he had such a marvellous command of a car and accuracy of eye for space and speed and distance, that the most timid need not fear to ride at top speed, with him at the wheel.

Among the many who came often to Wallace's home, the general run of them had their own homes and families, were at least comfortably well to do, or quite prosperous, for there are many good business heads among them who have made good real estate and other wise investments, and have thriven in consequence.

One of the frequent callers, was a young woman well known to the movie fans, who had originally been educated for Grand Opera, but who had met the terrible calamity of losing her voice. However, this did not take from her her knowledge of good music; and when she, her husband and his mother would run in, she and Wallace would spend the greater part of the evening at the piano—

he with his violin. They would have a wonderful time and it would be more than enjoyable to those who sat around listening.

Many of these people are more than well bred and possessed of various accomplishments, that would cause them to grace most drawing rooms.

There are always those everywhere, who are on the road to the group of derelicts, who are failures or whose society is undesirable and whose association is unwholesome. But, as a rule, this class is in the minority in most walks of life and groups of people; but unfortunately, they manage to thrust themselves into the public eye. And again, unfortunately, there is a predilection among many of the public-at-large, who rather enjoy reading and talking of the derelictions of their less desirable brethren, than the achievements of those who have labored and improved the "ten talents" entrusted to them and thereby acquired a place just a little in advance of the public-at-large.

When civilization reaches the point where it can genuinely rejoice over the worthy worker whose ambition and energy have made him a pace maker for the rank and file in his specific calling—and not to derive a certain morbid pleasure from the unfortunately weak and erring, then the limelight will automatically turn its bright rays upon the constructionist and leave the destructionist in the darkness of no attention attracted to himself. The weakling is a destructionist, for he cannot destroy himself without hurting some one or more who do not merit the wounds.

The problem is too intricate for human limitations —so after all is said and done, these are God's problems.

If each individual does his "bit" like each separate drop of salt water that co-operates with his neighboring drop, then the ebb and flow of the tides of the sea will come and go on schedule and the large achievement be simple and easy, through proper co-operation.

If, with the faith of a little child, we do our duty, then the ebb and flow of the human tide will also work out on schedule.

CHAPTER XII.

SHOALS, JAGGED ROCKS AND DANGERS.

As Wallace's prosperity grew apace, greater and more frequent came the calls for "loans" and more numerous grew the applicants. There were many of the "movie" world, some genuine, some of the ambitionless variety who were always about to set the world on fire in a new picture and how "crazy" the producers had been to secure this particular person's services, but the name of picture and producer could not yet be divulged—a "secret"—which remained a "secret" for it existed only in the mind of the indigent one, and never materialized under any flesh and blood producing firm.

These chronic borrowers were by no means confined to the "movie" world—they came from all callings and with every possible form of excuse. Just to live in the same town with some one whose great uncle had perhaps sold a tie to Wallace's great uncle, when Wallace was a baby, was sufficient reason. As all successful people know, they are hounded by an army of barnacles, who will do nothing themselves—so they are always "broke."

This class, of course, did not usually comprise the frequent visitors at the house, for a borrower general-

ly wishes to be forgotten until he has thought out a new excuse, as his new necessities arise.

Hollywood is a Mecca for movie-struck people from all over the world. They have confidence in themselves and the courage to spend to the last penny of their savings, just to "land" in the movie capitol, where they expect the whole colony of producers to be lined up (like so many taxi drivers looking for a "fare") at the station, waiting for the train to come in and all too eager to compete for their services. These people are sincere, earnest and entirely deserving, but one of the problems for the public authorities there—so I have been told.

Many of those he aided were entirely worthy and the troubles but temporary. But Wallace's grandmother Reid's motto was, that it was better to help nine unworthy cases than miss the one worthy.

That Wallace should be charitable was natural, and that he should be hospitable was also natural. But he was too tender of the feelings he credited to some of these forward ones, judging their sensitiveness by his own. He likewise believed too readily—believed implicitly every word of their troubles as they related them. This grew to menacing proportions as time passed, and sapped from his salary large sums—appallingly large in the aggregate—which should have been used for investments, looking ahead to the day of retirement, as any provident business man should do.

Going into the fastnesses of the mountains and the waste places of the desert, on location, where people would fall ill or get a bone broken or otherwise injured,

miles and miles from access to any kind of a physician, and as no physician is carried out into these wildernesses with these little groups of workers, more than once Wallace came forward and patched up these injured ones, as well as himself, for here his attendance at medical lectures in his college days, often stood the people and himself in good stead.

As was told in a preceding chapter, Wallace liked to have about him, as his own, the things he used. That is how he acquired a physician's complete equipment of instruments, medicines, etc., in a doctor's regulation case, such as he usually carries when making his round of calls upon his patients. This Wallace carried with him always, for some years, when out on "location" just as he did his portable Victrola and his violin.

There is one who occasionally comes to his home—a man young, handsome, successful, popular upon the screen. He drives fast cars—fine ones. People trust their lives in his keeping. He has not betrayed that trust. To meet him, he arrests one's attention by a certain quiet, tinged with a note of the furtive. It impresses one as a distrustful characteristic—distrustful of strangers. I learn, to my surprise, that this poor fellow is in the toils. I do not know the marks and signs, if there are any, but there is a vague, elusive something about him. He is a gentleman, and one feels that he comes of gentle blood, in fact, above the average. It surely is not too late for him to "right about face," before the time comes when it will be too late—the death knell in those terrible words—TOO LATE!

Among those who grew into coming to Wallace quite regularly for aid of various kinds, was a man older than Wallace, the son of a famous star of the speaking stage—this father a scholar and a gentleman, a man standing high in the history of the spoken drama. Wallace held this artist and his contribution to dramatic art, in high esteem, and in recognition of that fact, he felt sympathy for the son and backed his sympathy with aid. Sometimes he used his influence that he should have work; but he grew worse and worse, and then, poor creature, realizing his condition and that it was too late for retreat, and he too weak to try, would threaten to commit suicide. He is in the clutches, helpless, bound about the by the silent, life-sapping tentacles—a tragic shadow of what he was—now merely existing but practically dead.

Oh! But his people — his father, who can still move about among his fellow-men, his head high, his name honored for a lifetime of artistic labor, written high upon the tablets of achievement—but over his head hangs the sword of Damocles, and in his bosom is a heart of lead—yet a little while he may smile and hold up his head, thanking God for each little second of reprieve, ere the sword shall cut the hair which holds it, and the heart of lead be broken. He listens in terror for the toll of the bell, when in one flash, like a stroke of lightning, the all-enveloping mantle of shame will fall over his fair name, and in one terrible moment obliterate the labor of the flower of his years —nay, of a lifetime.

Poor father, I never met you, but I have enjoyed the pleasure of your art, but for you my heart sorrows! Your son it was, who first cast the soil of slander upon the fair name of him whom I mourn—and which soil I seek to wash away with the baptism of tears—tears of blood wrung from the deepest depths of his mother's sorrowing heart and cover it with beautiful flowers of memory, gathered in the garden of a mother's love where grow blossoms of beauty that never fade or perish.

That was not your son, but the Demon who forged his tongue, and the poor boy could not prevent. May the merciful black-robed Angel claim him before the toll of that terrible death-bell for fair fame.

CHAPTER XIII.

A SHINING PINNACLE.

Wallace, my darling one and only child, was coming to New York to be here several months! When he started, he wired me and then again several times on his way here. What joy to know that he was to be here several months, and I could see him and he could come down to visit me in his boyhood home—and visit his two small aunts, Maude and Virginia, his Uncle Fred and, best of all, his dear old grandmother, "sweetheart Mary Virginia," he always called her.

When my boy loomed up in that Pennsylvania station, he was easy enough to see—the tallest, handsomest, most perfect specimen of manhood in the range of my vision. My! but was I not proud of him! My son!

God was very good to me to bless me with such a son! Rockefeller, Morgan, Wall Street, had no riches to compare with mine. He just swept me from my feet into his arms, as if I were a child of two or three, and kissed me. I would not exchange that kiss for a king's ransom.

But now—now—there will never be another greeting, another kiss from my son to his mother—in this world—my heart ceases to beat—as I confront that terrible word—NEVER!!

"Mother! Mother!" reprovingly sounds in the ear of my inner consciousness, "That is not like my brave little mother. Ring true to the blood of your fathers!"

Those words seem as clear and distinct to me as if my sister, sitting beside me, had looked up and spoken them. Oh, how good is our Heavenly Father, to send such rays of light into the empty blackness—so good!

A small furnished apartment had been taken for him near Fifth Avenue and within easy motoring distance of the studio at the eastern end of the Fifty-ninth Street bridge.

He arrived with his secretary, a quiet young man, who without apparent effort soon had Wallace established in the apartment just as though he had been living there for months. The largest trunk of all he brought, had been built especially for—what do you think? His violin and a number of other musical instruments which were his favorites. There were tricks in magic, books and I cannot tell you what else —thoroughly innocent pleasures for the amusement of this big over-grown boy.

Nothing could have been out of harmony more completely, with this many faceted artist, than as a business man burdened with financial cares. I never saw him give one moment to scanning the stock market and other business reports in the daily papers; but beauty in pictures, books, music or the changing landscapes of mountain, sea or desert, or of people; but people were only beautiful individually, not in masses like mountains and sparkling waves.

Wallace had the keenest sense of humor, and its genial rays kept the sun shining in his happy-go-lucky heart, whether the sun shone without or the rain fell and the day was bleak and drear.

His address was not to be known until the work on the picture was finished. However, the address was soon, like most other secrets—everyone's "secret."

The picture in which, I consider, he attained the highest point of artistry in his entire career, was "Peter Ibbetson." His impersonation of an ideal lover in the dream life of these ideal lovers, was full of poetry, romance, reverential love and unswerving faith and constancy, with sufficient warmth to make it vital, and yet not the slightest taint of the exotic to coarsen this perfect love poem into the all too fleshly, so much portrayed today. It glowed with the steady white purity and strength and calm of the sea's deepest depths, so unlike the bubble-like loves on the restless surface of today, which cannot survive under the slightest pressure, so they crush like an eggshell or burst like a bubble, when scarcely more than submerged beneath the waves of life's real sea.

Miss Elsie Ferguson's Duchess was played in perfect harmony and was entirely attuned—dainty, elusive, ideal, constant through life into death, the years so welding this perfect love into one, that with her death came his awakening and death, and the birth and blossoming of this enduring love, into Life Eternal.

This role was especially congenial to Wallace, for he was Romance incarnate, and he was an Idealist.

The perfect condition of the boy, physically in splendid health, mentally and artistically eminently alert, as the picture breathes from his first appearance, until his madness and death in the dank and musty old stone prison cell, is very apparent. The picture is as perfect as the man himself was perfect at the time of its taking.

While in New York, Wallace was approached by other producing firms, of high standing, with flattering offers—flattering beyond the dreams of avarice, and with unbelievably large tenders to the firm to which Wallace was under contract, to release him—but their existing contract called for two more years, and Wallace was such a profit-bearing asset, that no offers could tempt them. Could you blame either firm? He was well worth it. But did it "turn" Wallace's head? Not one whit—he went right along, happy-go-lucky, doing his work as if it were play.

Soon crowds upon crowds of people swarmed the apartment and the tiny grand piano, on which stood a picture of his wife and baby in a silver frame, rang under the touch of artists well known on Broadway, and Wallace played his violin and saxaphone and all was happiness. He was basking in the sunshine of a popularity such as falls to the lot of but few men in this world, no matter what his calling.

Wallace took it all as in the day's work or play, and personal vanity or egotism never seem to occur to him. People from all walks of life swarmed his apartment. Bright and clever people were as the elixir of life to him and he fairly glowed with the joy of just

living. He expanded in this genial atmosphere and with the change of air and surroundings, one could see him thrive and improve—if that were possible.

One day, he called his little son Billy on the long distance. It was Billy's birthday and he was having a children's party. When Wallace heard his dearly loved childish treble, "Hello, Daddy dear," big happy tears fell from Wallace's eyes, and he forthwith grew homesick. "I'm having a party and lots of good things to eat—and I want to go back to the table."

"All right, dear. Do you love Daddy?"

"Yes, Daddy dear, good-bye," and he was gone.

How history repeats itself. I thought of the day when the two older children, Billy's parents, longed to get where the bright lights and wonderful restaurants were. In the course of time, Billy will be where his father was—where I had been. He will likewise be just a little disappointed that he does not "count," that he is not missed as much as he could wish—and so the wheel goes round and round.

But the picture was not finished, and when the receiver had been replaced, the laughter and music resumed and Wallace was happy once more, in New York, and Billy equally happy way out in California.

Among those who visited at this apartment was the handsome, well-groomed fellow, with a touch of a frightened, furtive look in his face which so puzzled me. This was my first meeting of the man, and not knowing such things could be, I was puzzled and did not understand. Poor, poor fellow, how I hope he will "wake up" at once; and how sorry I feel

for the mother of this handsome, well-groomed gentleman! Does she know? I wonder, and hope that she does not. If she is on the "Other Side," she is just waiting for the fine garment of his spirit, which she had given him, to fall away into decay, while she waits and waits to receive him. It is not that this dwelling place of flesh is only a narrow abode—a garment—for it is an instrument as well, a machine that must be kept in good order for its spiritual occupant to prosper and grow in beauty; for if it is clogged with the unwholesome, or with poison, the spirit within is in danger of getting caught and injured in the cogs. So it behooves us one and all, to set steadfast guards both night and day, over this very precious housing.

Wallace set a day soon after his arrival, to drive down and spend a day or so at home. Arrangements were made for the rest of the family to come. On the way down, all along the way, boys and girls recognized him, shouting after him, "Hello, Wally!" and he would wave jovially back to them. It was like a triumphal march of a king on the way to his coronation.

His car was followed by several others—reporters, photographers for the press. This took a great portion of time—theirs and ours; but we were all so glad of this visit, and his mother and his "sweetheart Mary Virginia" sat up with him until four o'clock in the morning, reminiscing. You can imagine the love of this girl, now eighty-two years young, to do such an unheard-of thing!

He came several times; once by the Sandy Hook boat and he was photographed and interviewed on the

way down. Such is the life of a man belonging to the public—the public which was his chum.

The day came when that same brave figure of my lad, went back into that station, whence he had come only yesterday, it seemed. He vanished into the Pullman—the train receded—growing smaller and smaller, disappearing into the earth—lost to view. His sojourn in New York, in spite of his work, had sent him away in the very "pink" of condition. I will never believe that Wallace ever left this city with a taint or tarnish of any kind upon him, nor in any way touched with anything abnormal, unless it be a super-abundance of health and joy.

It was not pleasant to see him go; but he was determined that the winter should see me in his home for those months, with the hope in his heart and on his lips, that it might become permanent—my residence out there. That was not an unpleasant prospect, with his very apparent pleasure and expressed hope to surround me with everything heart could desire. Only! —my own dear mother, now eighty-two, and the rest of my immediate family lived here in the East. But I was to go out to California for the winter, which I did.

CHAPTER XIV.

HOLLYWOOD.

After trying to shape my affairs, I suddenly dropped everything, packed my trunk, bade my family good-bye, with many misgivings as to the advisability of putting so many miles, for so long a time, between my mother and myself, at her advanced age.

I was to arrive in Los Angeles at two o'clock in the afternoon. We were winding in and out among the mountains and arid wastes of barren lands. We ran into a rainstorm, and where all had been so arid and so dry, were boiling, seething cauldrons of muddy waters; great seams were washed into the steep banks above us on one side and below us on the other. The rain came down in torrents, forming streams of rocks and earth and yellow water. A patter on the top of our coach brought forth from a fellow passenger from the icy north that "it must be hailing." Someone who knew better told us the hail consisted of rocks carried down the mountain side by the heavy downpour. Everyone in our Pullman grew conversational. Many faces wore anxious looks, thinly concealed by pale and sickly smiles and jests. Hanging on the side of the mountain practically by our "eyebrows" for miles, was perfectly all right on the narrow road-bed as long as it was dry, but when rocks were coming down on top

of the coach, almost deafening us, and wash-outs in the road-bed were leaving gaps, which the rails were spanning, it was not quite so all right.

Finally, we reached a place where there were several tracks and some "sidings"—a restful feeling to see a little level ground after miles of perpendicular walls and steep precipices in such a deluge.

Ours was the fifth train stalled at this point, as it had become impassable ahead. Then came the glad tidings that a trainload of men had been sent out to repair the damage. After a delay of five hours, how we crept over the temporary repairs and, figuratively speaking, held our breath while we did! Oh, the swirling, angry, resistless torrent below us—how tiny and puny man and his greatest forces appear by comparison with those of old Mother Nature when she deigns ever so small a glimpse of her might!

On the other side were three hundred men who had worked five solid hours to make it possible for us to pass over a place probably not over thirty or forty feet wide!

From whence sprang human egotism? The *less* we know, the more we think we know. The *more* we know, the wider grows our mental horizon. The more it widens the more we can see how little the best of our knowledge really is, until at last, the wisest among us discovers that he practically knows nothing whatever.

I imagine that the Infinite God has nothing to fear from the mental encroachments made by man, however

long, speeding Time ahead of him may be, or however much he may profit by the progress made by the best of his predecessors.

Here I was in Sunny California, in a torrential rain. I ran for the shelter of the crowded waiting room. Wallace was no where to be seen, but Dorothy found me and we were soon on the way to their home.

Down the stairs came the French juvenile governess with a blond haired boy of four, so much like Wallace at that age, it was the turning back of Time!

"I love you, Bertha," he said solemnly. This touched me, while it rather took my breath away. Wallace, poor boy, had expected to meet me at Barstow and motor in. He had planned this little surprise and expected to be present to enjoy my astonishment, knowing my wonted dignity. There being some confusion about his getting away from "location" at Barstow, spoiled all his plans and the boy's disappointment was very keen; but I was glad that my coming meant so much to him.

It was about two weeks before he could really get home. For that entire time, it rained continuously night and day, so that for two weeks I had not been outside the door, much less off the place.

When Wallace came, he asked me if I did not feel the "thrill" of California—the "bigness" of everything.

"—!—?—!"

I was there in time for the family Christmas tree, or rather three trees, for Wallace was just as fond of a Christmas tree, as in his own childhood days.

There was a Christmas dinner with guests. But as they were all strangers to me, I can only remember Wanda Hawley and husband, because she was so wonderful to me throughout my stay. They were frequent callers, for Wanda is a fine musician and her husband played pool and golf and went hunting with Wallace, of which sports, with polo, Wallace was very fond.

Another guest was Adela Rodgers (Mrs. St. John) who was very clever, having a daily article in the Hearst paper there, the Los Angeles Examiner, a warm friend of Dorothy's and a remarkably bright young woman.

During the day, packages arrived,—Christmas gifts done up in fancy boxes, tissue paper, Santa Claus stickers, holly and ribbons,—just the same as any where else in the country. Friends dropped in in the evening and chatted, sang and played, and told about their presents,—told who were ill and who were spending the holidays in the country, very much as they would in Ocean Grove, New Jersey, or Evanston, Illinois. Most of them had been to the church of his or her respective faith in the morning. They talked children and knitting and golf and moving pictures, and altogether it struck me as almost dull.

Wallace loved cars, as you all know. He struggled so earnestly and so patiently to be granted a racing driver's license. It came.

Wallace was so pleased and so happy that he wore the pin night as well as day, for it was the dearest wish of his heart to enter the auto races at Indianapolis the following summer.

But in this Wallace was doomed to bitter disappointment, as the firm held his life too valuable for any such risk, and would not permit it.

One enormous man, six feet six inches tall, and weighing all of three hundred pounds, was a frequent caller, who impressed one as a wholesome, clean living man. He and Billy were great chums.

He has since proved himself a true blue friend, for it was he who offered his blood in an endeavor to save Wallace's life, for which I shall be eternally grateful to him. They call him affectionately, "Buddy Post," and as I never heard him called anything else, I too needs must write him down as "Buddy Post," adding from my innermost heart—God bless you, "Buddy Post."

Again I met the well groomed gentleman with the furtive look. Some one whispered to me his misfortune. After this I could see the indescribable evidence of a condition not wholly normal. If questioned as to things specific, I could never have answered, for they are evanescent, intangible, potent. Poor young man, may he retreat before he reaches the brink.

The "hopeless case" came one night, and for his father's sake, Wallace aided him. He borrowed thirty or forty dollars and one of Wallace's fine pistols. As he departed, he said he meant to commit suicide. The threat was not new so it was not startling. He departed with the money and the gun. He spent the money and pawned the gun.

He presumably over-indulged in his particular brand of dissipation and called up the house at the

very considerate time of 2:30 A. M. and rang for one half hour. I could not sleep for the ringing. I slipped down to the telephone and removed the receiver from the hook without inquiring who the presumptuous one could be. I never saw the man in person but he was pointed out to me in one of the moving pictures. Poor gaunt shadow of a human being,—a tragedy in the making.

The two above mentioned, were the only abnormal people who ever came there to my knowledge, during my three months' stay.

Many, many apparently perfectly healthy sane and otherwise normal persons, came and went.

Every night Wallace stopped in my room for a chat and to kiss me good night, no matter what the hour, and how glad and grateful I am that he never failed to come.

Of evenings, from a dozen to thirty or more people would "run in" to see the pictures. There was a quart bottle of liquor on a table with glasses, ice water and cigarettes,—also a ten pound box of candy. People were invited to "help themselves." It was a very rare occasion when a fresh bottle was brought. It seems to me that a quart bottle distributed among so many people, could not possibly intoxicate any of them.

One evening a man came there under the influence of liquor, whose domestic troubles were presumably the cause. He was listened to with patience, and gently conducted to his car, it having been suggested

that he go home and to bed, and to come some other evening,—and he docilely did as he was told.

Wallace was working very hard the entire time I was there. In the three months, "Across the Continent," "Nice People" and "The Dictator" were made, and I remember that once, just one-half day elapsed between the time Wallace's work in one picture was finished and the work in the following one begun.

Wallace gave orders for the "boys" to drive for me, whenever I wished, so with three of them on the place, I had some wonderful motor trips through the different canyons, over fine wide boulevards, out to Santa Monica and other Pacific coast resorts. Wanda Hawley took her husband's mother, a friend of her own, and myself to see the old Mission at Santa Barbara and several other long trips.

Mr. Hawley's mother, a resident of Albany was called East. Wanda came to say that she would be glad to take me any where I would like to go; but I had just received a telegram calling me home,—that my mother was very ill.

With friends, I motored to San Diego. We went over to the Coronado Hotel and motored into Old Mexico, Tia Juana, to the races.

I met a class mate and formed many charming acquaintances and friendships, among those not connected with the industry, and some who were.

One of the latter I had known as a little girl of ten when she had played a wistful lonely waif and I had directed rehearsals. I wrote her and she had not forgotten me. She wrote me the dearest letter inviting

me to spend the afternoon with her to "talk over old times." She was just as sweet and unspoiled as when a little girl. She was none other than the present, permanent and incomparable little darling of the whole world,—just as my boy was, before he went away—Mary Pickford!

One night at Wallace's, her picture, "Little Lord Fauntleroy" was run, and Wallace could not enthuse over her art or her charm enough, alternately exclaiming "great"!! and "God love her!!" My heart echoed in the words of,—I think it was Sammy Weller—"them's my sentiments,"—"God love her."

California had grown fair and life seemed rosy and the sun bright and warm. My boy was so successful, so joyous, ruddy, so well and strong. Strong? I will leave you to judge. One night "Buddy Post" was there and unawares, he picked Wallace up and carried him the length of the room. Wallace began to imitate a crying child who needed to be soothed. "Buddy Post" put him down at the end of the long room. Wallace instantly picked up "Buddy Post", his six feet six inches and his three hundred pounds, and carried him back to the starting point. Then, surprise of surprises, Dorothy took Wallace on her back, (back to back), balanced herself and carried him thus, the same distance. She is little, but—oh my!

One day we were informed that a Dr. Starr was to become a house guest for ten days or two weeks, sleeping with, and to be every moment with my big, powerful, stalwart boy, with his ruddy out-of-door complexion and his carefree boyish spirit.

It seemed such an unnecessary indignity, to me. There was so much mystery about it all.

Wallace was advised to be disagreeable to the man. I took the liberty of advising him to treat him as a gentleman, and as a house guest should be treated so long as he so conducted himself. If not, he should be escorted from the premises.

Wallace comes from old Virginia stock, that holds a guest sacred while under the protection of the host's roof-tree, and anything but courtesy would be an unpardonable breach of hospitality.

Dr. Starr proved worthy the highest respect, and when they parted, it was with mutual regret.

When Dr. Starr reported to the firm, who had selected him for his unimpeachable integrity, he gave my son a perfectly clean "bill-of-health" entirely exonerating him from the aspersions, coming from some mysterious source.

During his stay, Wallace was to appear at a benefit for a crippled children's Hospital, and Wallace coached Billy before they started. Wallace was to put a twenty dollar gold piece in Billy's pocket, then when they went upon the stage and Wallace had addressed the audience, he was to turn to Billy saying, "old man, what are you going to do for them?" and Billy was to start the contribution by handing up the twenty dollar gold piece.

When Wallace came home and made himself comfortable for the evening, he very much disliked to go out again,—and did not—except for such a reason as the above.

There was a stranger whom I had not seen before, but he happened to have known them all for some time. He remained to dinner and went over in the car. It seemed, some committee had failed to notify this theatre and no arrangements had been made until after Wallace had come, found this situation, and had left, much annoyed and disgusted.

The man who had been to dinner, frightened Mrs. Reid, with the usual admonition not to betray her informant, how terribly Wallace had driven home, at the risk of Billy's and everybody else's life.

I would have respected the man's courage and veracity, if he had spoken in the husband's presence. The fact that he had just "broken bread" at Wallace's table and did not wish to be quoted, awakened my contempt for the man, and earned my complete disbelief in his word.

I asked Dr. Starr how the drive had been. He replied that Wallace drove fast,—which was his custom,—that he drove carelessly was *not true;* that he was annoyed, yes, and justly so. I told him what the stranger had said. Dr. Starr in turn was annoyed, and as Wallace at that minute came into the room, Dr. Starr at once told him of the incident in my presence, which I ratified,—whereupon Wallace told the fellow he could no longer consider him a friend, so he could not welcome him as a guest.

This incident I tell here, for the same reason that I told it to Dr. Starr, to show just how far from the truth a gossiping, conscienceless man or woman can go, how a perfectly innocent action can be distorted

into most any shape by persons maliciously inclined, because the trend of the mind is malicious.

Exaggeration can describe a tame house cat into a Tiger, an angle worm into a Boa-constrictor. When a man stands high in public esteem and his fate rests on the gossamer of popularity, it behooves him to be more than careful of the kind of persons he permits within the sacred precincts of his home.

A man can barricade his house from the enemy without, but woe betide the self deluded, over confidingly foolish man, who too trustingly permits the enemy to gain a foothold within his doors, by fawning, sycophantish cunning and hypocracy,—under the cloak of affection or friendship.

A man or woman cannot possibly be safe from the enemy within the castle of his home, for there he sees not the necessity for vigilance,—so it is all too easy to strike him down at once, or destroy him by degrees.

Slander is a many headed monster, which too many are only too pleased to entertain, unconscious of the danger.

Wallace was too trusting. He was so open minded and free from tricks and intrigue himself, that he did not recognize it when he brushed against it, even within the all too hospitable walls of his home.

Let him who runs, read riddles as he may, but Wallace stood "at ease" in his own home, so that he did not know, even when he stumbled over it in his own hallway.

Poor boy it is beautiful to have faith, but it is rash, when it embraces every body!! Let a man do

his own thinking if he reasonably expects a modicum of safety in this world, so set with pitfalls and snares.

Wallace was too prone to shirk thinking when it came to the things of every day. Perhaps the day-by-day things may be drab, but beneath the drab are often hidden, the cleverest snares!

CHAPTER XV.

BILLY AND BETTY.

As I have so often said, Wallace adored children. Billy was his idol.

Returning from New York, after the taking of the Peter Ibbetson picture, instead of shipping it through, he took the greatest pleasure in *carrying* out there, a "great big" boat, to be run with electric batteries, for Billy's "s-'prise",— which had cost him forty-eight dollars, for a four-year-old to run on the swimming pool back of the house!

Billy had a fleet of smaller boats, but I think the grown up child had really more pleasure in anticipation of the time he and Billy would have together, launching it.

I carried out there, in my trunk, among the Christmas gifts for Billy, a little submarine which, when wound up, would dive and finally come to the surface again. It had only cost me four dollars and a half,— and to the day I started East, Billy wound it up every night of his life and watched it submerge and rise, in the bath-tub, when getting ready for his bath. The big boat lay out in the rain and sun, and I never did see him play with it.

Wallace loved to go up to the nursery and hear Billy's prayers. The more children that nursery con-

tained, the better pleased he would have been. He would have loved their childish prattle and scampering footsteps through the house.

As a boy, he often spoke of the big old "homestead" for the large family of children he meant to have. From childhood up, he would often say to me, "Mamma, why wasn't I born twins, so's I could have a little brother to play with?"

The childhood of an "only child" is lonely, however many playmates they may have. He felt that loneliness and he felt that Billy must feel it too.

Billy was now five years old and "all boy." Wallace especially wanted a daughter, so that when Dorothy found little Betty and brought her home, Wallace received her with open arms and heart and fell desperately in love with her forthwith. Could it be wondered, as pretty as a picture, the dainty coloring of flower petals, soft and trusting little arms about his neck and a warm little heart that was his at sight.

Oh, the power of a baby's fingers on the parental face and throat, the soft cheek and the loving kisses free from self, how beguiling, how enthralling. These tender confiding caresses forge bonds of steel to lead any man upward toward the pure light of noble living, toward the heaven whence these frail and potent little ones have so recently descended to earth for the salvation of man.

Betty's influence was tremendous and Wallace was impelled to root out all things tending to harm the butterfly down, the fairy plumage that clothes uncon-

scious innocence with such appealing loveliness and resistless power!

Her new found "Daddy" began to make some resolutions. The odor of a cocktail, however faint, was not nice, blown on the little human flower.

In my three month's stay, I never saw Wallace under the influence of liquor; but what he did drink, was seriously affecting his stomach, and what wonder with the synthetic liquors of the present era.

King Billy was at first rebellious and objected to this usurper of his throne. But his "Daddy" and Mother assured him that no one could dethrone him, that he was only to make room on the seat beside him and that now he had a dear little sister to play with and protect.

Then the frowns vanished, smiles broke through the clouds. Billy and Betty were joyous, parents looked on smiling their happiness over their new found treasure and all was serene and the road ahead looked broad and smooth, bordered on either side with peace, prosperity and happy security.

Rumors there were, but Hollywood is composed of rumors from within and is a shining target for rumors from without, even to the farther most end of the earth,—but ninety per cent of these rumors are as pure fiction as the stories wrought into their pictures. However, there is the ten per cent of truth, like a smoldering fire brand, which sends out the ninety per cent of this smoke of fiction, which the breath of many headed Slander, fans into a mighty conflagration, carrying down structures which it had taken life times

of toil, sacrifice and ambition to build, leaving dead ashes where had been the shining light of well earned Fame, in whose joy-giving light, millions had been bathed and made happy.

Fame builds, but Slander is ever in the shadow, awaiting with eternal vigilance, an opportunity to apply her fire brand.

Billy and Betty now romped ahead, drawing after them with flower bedecked and jingling laughter-bells, on reins of steel wrought of Love, their parents, Wallace and Dorothy,—in sweet and willing bondage.

CHAPTER XVI.

CHALLENGE TO MORTAL COMBAT—THE TITANIC STRUGGLE.

Simply as an hypothesis, granting the possibility of ten per cent truth founded upon the articles of every description broad-casted over the land, from which emanated the ninety per cent of all pervading intangible "smoke",—

Before proceeding further, I think a few words of explanation of the three thousand miles between myself and my son at such a time, are due me.

Wallace's Aunt Nell and myself moved into town December first. Just before I closed my country house, I saw a small item in one of the papers saying my son's eyes had been injured by the Klieg lights, that there was danger of permanent blindness, that the shock had shaken his nerves and that he was at home ill, attended by trained nurses. This frightened me terribly, as I had not been notified that anything was wrong.

I wired immediately, "in mercy" to tell me the exact truth. The reply came,—

"Condition much improved—no cause for worry. Starting today for ten day motor trip. Ignore all rumors. Love from all"—(signed) Wallace and Dorothy.

"Ignore all rumors",—this reassured me, for who should know the truth better than they?

From the day I left his home until he could no longer write or send me word, Wallace's constant urge was for me to return to his home to live permanently. Anent the cordial relationship existing between them all and me. Just after my return came a letter from Dorothy's mother, from which I quote,—

"I was so very glad to hear from you, the house is not the same without you."—"Wallace told me he *missed you very much,* he has told a lot of people so."

I had a letter from Wallace on May 15, saying,—"hope this summer will see you settle, sell and finish there,—and any way, here's where you should be."

Here in the East, were my mother, eighty-four and my two sisters. I was torn between them. I determined to so arrange my affairs that I could go to Wallace the first of February, and be with my family here in the summer time.

On August 15, I had a letter from Dorothy's mother, Mrs. Davenport, who wrote for herself and them, as they were both so occupied. "Our children well and happy. Wally has the desire to invest his money now, and it all came through you dear,—how can Wallace have such a wonderful mother and not follow in her footsteps. I do miss you and I'm praying you will come back to us soon."

Newspaper articles, followed by more telegrams from me, and replies.

Mrs. Davenport wrote me October 26.

"I was so upset at your telegram. I was so afraid the false reports would reach you. He has been quite sick but not in any danger, although we feared he would lose his sight. He will be better than he has been in three years."

Then again she wrote October 31.

"Wally grows stronger every day and goes back to work in two weeks. The reports were all wrong. We did not realize that you would get them. He will look better than he has in three years. The reports were just killing him,—but its all over, thank God. Now we can rejoice. He will write when he is able. His eyes are not right yet, but they will be in time. They are going out at least twice a week to nice places together. I'm very happy that things look so bright."

Another dated November 13. "The children (Wallace and Dorothy) are in Oakland for a day or two en route. Wally is gaining fast.—P. S. Nothing to worry about *now.*"

December 10.—"Poor Wally had a relapse and he can't go to work for two or three weeks yet, but we hope all will be well in a few days. I'll keep you posted. He is not in danger. He was better today. As soon as the dysentery stops he will begin to gain. His face is like a *kid's now.* He looks twenty-two. He gains quickly, so don't worry. The worst is past. You will be proud of your son soon. I shall miss you Xmas, for I learned to love you, you were so just and sweet and wise."

Below, I give an exact copy of a letter I wrote Wallace just before the New Year, which speaks for

itself, as to how little I knew of Wallace's true condition, and I believe, that to the very last, those at his bedside, doctors, nurses and family expected nothing but his ultimate recovery.

As for myself, nothing could have been farther from my thoughts, than his—going away from us—with his youth and fundimentally powerful constitution and every possible care and skill.

(COPY)

916 West End Avenue.
New York City, December 29, 1922.

Boy Darling!

You cannot imagine how glad I am that you are better, and I pray God with my whole heart that you will regain in full, your former magnificent health. Remember dear heart, that it is God who gives us the fine, the worth-while and truly good things in life, and the most priceless of these is good health. When you get it back in full you will know better how to treasure and guard it, in the future. There is but one who has the legitimate right to take toll of your health, and that is old Father Time. All others are marauders, fiendish robbers, so my darling poor sick child, please beware of all such, no matter in what guise they come.

You will never know the suffering and grief it has caused me, to learn that you were so ill, and I so far away and powerless to come to you. But thank God

you are getting along so fine! Now my sweetheart, please believe in Almighty God, a just and loving Father. Just remember my dear, that if you punish Billy,—it is not for the pleasure of inflicting pain; but because you *love* him that you are sufficiently interested to want to see him as near perfect as is humanly possible. You see other people's children doing wrong,—you do *not* punish them, you forget that they did wrong,—for want of a parent's love for them. The parent's love and guidance of a child is just the one drop of parental love, a replica of the infinite ocean of love of the Infinite Father.

Hunt up an old hymn and pause to absorb its meaning. I always felt that there was something about it that placed, or led the adult human child into a better understanding of himself and of the Infinite Parent, to whom he is ultimately indebted for his being.

The Past is gone; let it go, and be not discouraged. Be of good cheer! With that fine brain of yours, which you have kept too long "marking time," do a little leisurely introspecting, and then begin *observing* the things that go on *immediately about you,* and above all, *weigh* the *people* who come and go in your home, your social relations and your business. Weigh *clearly, justly,* and do not fear to face facts as they *are,* and not as it is pleasant to *imagine* they are. Clear out the leeches, for they are many. Don't put crutches under lazy and ambitionless people who have no claims upon you. Many, men in particular, came to your home with plausible "tales of woe," playing upon your sympathies and bleeding your purse to the point almost

of exhaustion, who are amply able to stand upon their own feet and earn their own way if they no longer had the easier way of drawing upon your resources. Some speak of them as false friends; that is altogether too mild a term. They are leeches who are also *enemies, envious* because you *can* pander to their worthlessness and idleness. *"Clean house"* of such.

I spoke of some of the events I saw there, and as an outsider and stranger among them, silently observing —I could have helped a little if you had just given me the opportunity I so often asked. I wanted so much the opportunity to have an old-fashioned talk with you, that we both liked so much in the olden days, for we both met, open to conviction and willing that each other's views should be submitted to the crucible of unbiased logic. Then we could always reach some useful conclusions, and it *does aid* one so much to think *clearly*, and to "stop, look and listen" at the danger points along life's winding and devious way.

I do wish you could come here to a change of environment. See a few real plays, go to the Metropolitan, for grand opera is very enriching to the soul and feeding to the better intellect—and just take a vacation from the old surroundings, associates, habits of thought, etc. It would be of untold benefit to you. When you are able, have Dorothy "bundle you up" and bring you.

What I have said to you is with a wealth of love in my heart for you. You have never taken time to really get acquainted with your mother. I really be-

lieve, if you did, it would do you a world of good, and find the prescription pleasant, too.

Just because—it is nearly New Year when wise people "take stock" of themselves.

Lots and lots of love and earnest prayers. They *count,* even if you are not sure they do. *Get well, dear!* Love to all.

Lovingly,
Mother Bertha.

December 31.

"Wally is now out of danger,"—explanations about articles.

Mrs. Davenport wrote me, which I received January 15.

"Wally is improving every day and he hopes to be back at work in six weeks. I wish you and the family would write letters he can read. He is shown nothing."

January 18, the following telegram about six or seven o'clock in the evening:

"The boy simply slept away. Died at one o'clock today. Our hearts are together.

"Dorothy."

Not until all was over, did I learn the real truth about his condition insofar as any one human could know.

He fought bravely back and forth like the brave hero that he was. He suffered, suffered, suffered excruciating agonies of insomnia and pain, but he never for one moment, considered surrender—to his his everlasting glory be it said!

He died fighting—what more could a brave soldier do?

One bitter regret will go down into the grave with me—that I could not be at his bedside to hold his hand, to be of some little service to comfort him, for had I not cared for him and tried to guide his first faltering footsteps before he could stand alone—to go out from me to brave the world?

Had I not brought him here, and was it not my right to be beside him when he—went out—to brave Eternity?—when he went away—for the last time!!

CHAPTER XVII.

A HERO, VICTORIOUS, ENTERS THE LAND OF GLORY.

When he went away—for the LAST TIME!!—echoes and re-ëchoes in my empty heart, while the storm of unshed tears beats against its darkened windows, deluging it in sorrow—deep and hope-crushing sorrow!! Like lightning flashes, warm and kindly human sympathy penetrates this hidden storm of grief and hopelessness, shines in for a brief moment with beneficence and is gone—and all is blackest darkness again. The poor storm-tossed mother heart feels shattered beyond repair, the wounded spirit within lies crushed and bleeding—Hope-abandoned.

Echoing and re-ëchoing through its empty chambers, the dirge—three thousand terrible miles away—his nearest of this earth—his mother! could not be with her own, her only one, to send him out upon the Unknown Voyage, with loving, brave smiles—with courage-giving handclasps, with love-laden wordless prayers and blessings—as his spirit takes its first step beyond this new strange mile-stone on Eternity's broad Highway—three thousand miles between! Oh, the Requiem!

Oh, the long, dark way! through the impenetrable darkness!—"Oh Lead Kindly Light."

Turn to thy God, thou torn and broken spirit—hide thou in the shelter of His Bosom—and be healed!

* * * * *

Light of Heaven shines through the Darkness of Despair and melts from my spirit's vision, the scales of self-clinging.

He faced Himself and They held a mighty conference. They looked into the Awesome countenance of Truth. Unterrified, They left the flower-strewn pathway of youth, prosperity, adulation, greater honors ahead. They tore off the rosy-hued glasses of Easy Indulgence and looked with clear vision ahead up the rugged narrow road full of many obstacles to be overcome, pitfalls to be avoided. They had set themselves a mighty task, but with full knowledge of every danger ahead and every battle to be fought of soul-destroying Temptation, cunningly concealed beneath innumerable, enticing and beauty-bedecked disguises armed with a thousand plausible excuses clothed in "sound" Logic.

They were told of countless Pitfalls where they would be least expected, in which dwelled hideous dragons, so clever, They would think them beautiful and alluring until the powerful, Too Late, seized them from behind and bound them fast, when the hideousness of the Wooer suddenly would be revealed. There were wily, poison-laden reptiles and myriad other snares to entangle the unwary.

With full knowledge, They chose the Rugged Road. Abreast, dauntless of courage, and determined of spirit, They started the steep climb, my brave-souled Wallace and his other self, his Conscience. So long

as They remained true to each other and continued abreast, there would be nothing upon the dangerous road that could harm them, for They would be unconquerable generals in command of all before them, so long as They were in command of THEMSELVES.

They knew that there was one particularly dangerous place, near the journey's end, where the road divided into two, and there sat a stern judge, whose power it was to determine which road they must take, *or else turn back!*

They also knew that just before arriving at this division of the Road, that there was a by-path, leading back to the Primrose Path, the Easy Way. This, They could take, if They so chose.

There was no appeal from this stern judge's decision, for while They labored up the Rugged Road, the stern judge looked deep into the Book of the Past; then he perused the bulletins as issued by the Future—as to their best field of endeavor if one path were assigned—or where their talents were to be used if perchance it should be the other. There is no appeal, for as strange as it may seem They, these two, always have the controlling vote for the selection of this judge, as is written in the Book of the Past.

The Road to the left was level and led to Every Day Life under much improved spiritual housing and probably material gains. The other Road led down into the Valley of the Shadow. At the end was a great black arch above which was inscribed "Mystic Portal," and it was hung with black curtains, impenetrable, immovable—except as the Travellers shall reach it,

when at a signal, skeleton hands draw aside the sombre curtains to admit the new inhabitant. They also knew that when those sombre curtains closed behind them, They never more could come back to earth to dwell. At the Portal, They must leave the Garment of Flesh, for in this new country Flesh is too burdensome, too confining a shell—to which They had so tenaceously clung. When They had "shed" this shell, They were surprised that the people of earth so ardently clung to it.

Another strange thing had happened. Wallace and his companion, Conscience, on this fateful journey, had become ONE.

Arrayed in shining garments, myriads of shining ones bade him welcome with joyous acclaim, and such music as he had never conceived, in volume, quality and wondrous harmony!!

He knew he had played many mimic heroes on earth—then this mimic hero grew ill. When this mimic hero had dissolved into the real hero in shining garments and an ovation such as he had never known on earth—

He did not understand.

"I am only a make-believe hero, I deserve no such honors as these, for they are real and belong only to a real hero worthy of this high honor."

"All others were 'make-believe,' but your Last Role was that of a True Hero. Not one who led conquering hosts, but one who, without the thrill of flaring trumpets and beating drums with others to die in your stead, you raised arms against that most unconquer-

able human foe—SELF-INDULGENCE and laid your own life down for this conquest."

All were eager to do him homage. "All Hail—Well done, thou good and faithful!!!"

My boy was crowned with the laurel wreath of Victory, Self Victory, the bravest and most welcome of all in the beautiful Land of Glory!!

* * * * *

Kneeling, reverently, tenderly, his mother lays this little chaplet of love's flowers on the dear Memory of her boy Wallace, and, dear Public who loved him, in the very center—if you look—you will find her Heart.

BERTHA WESTBROOK REID.

A FEW EXCERPTS FROM THE HOST OF LETTERS OF SYMPATHY FROM HIS MYRIAD ADMIRERS:

Cleveland, Ohio. "I would be willing to pay any price for a picture of dear Wallace Reid. He was my only idol. No one can take his place in the movie world."—(young girl).

Cleveland, Ohio. "He is placed in my memory book as one of the heroes of our century, died as nobly as 'our boys' did in France—the sympathy of a girl who so admired the clean, strong manhood and fatherhood of your 'Wally'! "—(young girl).

Portland, Maine. "I am one of the many thousands who mourn with you in the loss of your beloved son, Wallace. Now that his sad end has come, I have no desire to attend a movie, for none can take his place in my admiration. I had prayed each night for his recovery and I am now praying for his happiness with God."—(young girl).

New York City. "In your great sorrow, our hearts go out to you, as indeed, the whole world. It seems a sacrifice was required, and as Fate has fixed it, you are called upon to give it through your son. If you are an instrument in His hands for the betterment of the world, then surely you are honored before all women. Take comfort from the fact all seems genuine sympathy, love and admiration for the boy's supreme effort; but from my experience, I realize it is hard to kiss the rod that chastens!"—(a middle-aged man).

New Orleans. "As a mother, sympathy impels me to send the enclosed editorial. In our household, your son was a favorite first, last and always and with us there is a genuine sorrow at his going away."—(a mother).

Ravenna, Ohio. "What could be greater than the joy of a mother who has raised such a loved one as our friend Wally was, and to know that the world grieves as the soul of a mother would grieve, if such were possible. Tonight I am alone in the house with a dull newspaper print of Wally's picture on my desk. That clean smile of his has asked me, 'Are you doing right—are you all your mother would have you?'—and has caused cold tears to flow freely. Not because my favorite actor has gone for his reward, but because of the curse of humanity that was its cause. The crime of poison booze, drugs and all the horrible things which make the mind tremble with fear for the generations to come. I am only twenty-two years old, but that smile of Wally's has given me an aspect on life very much different than heretofore. I've seen some of the pitfalls and deep in my heart I know my mother worries for my guidance. But Wally has been my example. He was a character of which a mother would be proud and I am sure he is at the throne of Christ when he says that my inner self should do best. He conquered. I can. Wisdom is knowing wrong. Skill is knowing how to overcome it. And Virtue is overcoming it. Wally is good, and may we meet where crime is unknown and the fiends of temptation are bared. God's blessing from a Wally supporter and one who hopes to meet him later because of a clean life, as the result of a smile."—(a young boy).

New York City. "I have long held Mr. Reid as my screen idol. I feel his death as if he were a member of my family. I am sure Mr. Reid will be rewarded in heaven for the enjoyment and happiness he has given countless thousands. I am only a fifteen-year-old school boy, but if there is anything that I can do to be of service to you, I shall be more than happy to do it. You have great reason to be proud of a son who has made the great fight, which few have the courage to make."—(a boy of fifteen).

New York City. "That dear child has placed before the world a shining example of courage and determination, which few can boast of in this life. Wallace has gone into the Light and I am hoping that his bright spirit is rejoicing in its freedom."—(elderly lady).

New York City. "I have read in a local newspaper that you are properly grieved over the publicity given by the newspapers to the unfortunate cause of your son's death. As one of the 'public' who greatly admired his work and the genial personality back of it, even though I am a complete stranger to you, allow me to extend to you my sincere sympathy. And to also assure you that this same 'public' of which I am one, is paying little or no attention to such cheap journalism—but that rather, is there genuine sorrow at his going and entire sympathy for him in what must have been a heroic fight. The pleasure which he gave to thousands after the day's work, in the moving picture theatres, is what he is being remembered for by the really appreciative 'public.' My only regret is that you cannot hear personally the conversations about him in the elevated, the subways and in neighborhood shops. Even our local theatre in announcing his last picture, "Thirty Days," advertised him as the 'best beloved, lamented star.' In closing, I beg your pardon for intruding at such a time, but it seemed a small way in which I could partly repay the pleasure Wallace Reid gave to me personally, in his work."—(a lady).

Pennsylvania. "Millions of people throughout the world are mourning. The passing of the ever-loved 'Wallie' will not soon be forgotten by those who loved him for his clean acting and noble character. He gave the best that was in him to us, and now the smiling countenance shall no more be welcomed on the silver sheet by his vast following. His death has caused a pall of gloom over the whole world. The people who loved him in life are saying a silent prayer for him now."—(a lady).

Los Angeles. "Bertha, my dear friend, I wish I could put my arms around you and hold you close, and let my tears mingle with yours. We are both mothers, and we have known each other since childhood. The language of love and sympathy is not always spoken in words. I was in great anguish for you until I read the brave, beautiful statement you gave to the press. In that I recognized with rejoicing that your soul had found its clue, its light to follow. With your fine mind to sustain you, life cannot be desolate hereafter. You will go forward encouraged, because God has given you such unusual triumphs, such keen joys. You have been constantly in our thoughts these two weeks past; and there is a silent handclasp from each of my family in this letter. God bless you and keep you."—(a class-mate).

New York City. "I do not believe it was for nothing that he came into the world so wonderful a TYPE, and one who could so perfectly portray the ideals of the crusaders of old. People should know always how he looked, and what his life stood for. And I have a conviction unshakable, that his spirit will be at work, MORE EFFECTUALLY for what has happened than it could had he been left here. He is ON LOCATION working on a much bigger picture!!"—(a lady).

Brooklyn. "Please accept the writer's deep and understanding sympathy, and endeavor to be comforted in the knowledge that in less than half the span of normal life, your son endeared himself to all the people, from the humblest to the most exalted, and that he still lives and will continue to live in the hearts and memories of all."—(a man of mature years).

New Jersey. "I was very sorry to hear of the death of 'Our Wallace.' He will be missed."—(a little cripple).

San Francisco, Cal. "The mother of a grown son said to me, 'I never miss a Wally Reid picture. I love to see him. He always makes me happier.' Gifted with a won-

derful personality, he is everybody's friend. 'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.' I think your son made the supreme sacrifice for the sake of his fellow-men, a martyr to principle. He gave the world all the joy and friendship and courage and faith in his power for many years, and then he gave the greatest gift of all—himself—in a fiercely fought and gloriously won battle. Not only in America, but in other countries they loved him, too, and always will, and mourn with us all here now. Naive, playful, the soul of a boy in the body of a giant. Irresponsible, carefree, gentle-hearted, forgiving. With malice toward none, and limitless charity for all—Wallace Reid. The world is a fairer, lovelier place for us all to live in and the path to the Garden of God, plainer and the distance to everlasting joy and peace many weary miles less because God lent us your gifted, gladsome, loving lad for a little while. He is not dead, he is just away with a cheery smile and a wave of the hand. He has wandered on to a far-away land and left us wondering how fair it must be since he lingers there."—(a mother).

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Epilogue

Susie Baker King Taylor died in October 1912 at the age of 64. Though she was unknown to the general public due to neglect from ignorant or racist historians—she remains one of the most important figures in American history. While Taylor didn't have it as hard as other people of color who experienced the hardships of American slavery during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries she saw some of the worst atrocities committed against human beings by those who claimed to be Christians. So many accounts of slavery have been lost to history because no records of the day-to-day misery that exemplified life during this time in the United States were noted. But those lucky enough to keep detailed records like Moses Roper and Harriet Jacobs—left behind indelible images about their time under slavery. There were so many others whose bravery was unrivaled even by the most heroic of fighters of wars throughout the world. While Susie King Taylor was fighting the evils of slavery others like Harriet Tubman and Frederick Douglass used daring acts of courage to change society for the better. Tubman especially has no equal when it came to risking her own life to save others—most of whom she didn't know nor had any knowledge of until she met them when they came to her needing help. It must have been daunting for

Taylor to face each day seeing wounded men needing medical help and realizing many of them were going to die because their injuries were too severe. Credited as the only black woman who served as a nurse during the American Civil War to compile a memoir is notable—but regardless—there is a reason she was the only one. If black people hadn't been denied education during their youth, one just has to wonder how much men and women who were the children of slaves could have achieved. Taylor was an exception and her story is a benefit to American history.

I must admit before I found Taylor's book I had no idea who she was. That said—it was no different when I found the writings of Moses Roper and Harriet Jacobs. Their books opened a window that had previously been closed because of lack of knowledge. Susie King Taylor married twice and lost one husband early in her life but found happiness later with another. Though she died in 1912 her legacy continues to endure. In 2015 a charter school was named after her in Savannah catering to students in the historic area of the city. In 2018 she was posthumously elected to the Georgia Women of Achievement Hall of Fame for her accomplishments in education and humanity. Besides being a dedicated nurse, Taylor was one of the first black women to teach in a school focused on educating former slaves. In 2023 Calhoun Square in Savannah was renamed Taylor Square in honor of Susie Baker King Taylor. Initially it had been named after an avowed defender of slavery of whose legacy remains a noticeable blight on Savannah's history. Though it was just a small step to reclaim history in an acceptable way it remains a minor effort to right the wrongs that had been done in the past by so-called leaders. The memoirs written by Moses, Jacobs, Douglass and Taylor are just four of many that left legacies behind with their words. It is a hope that one day such books will be required reading in all public and private schools across the United States. The past can't ever be changed but lessons can be learned. Mistakes do not have to be repeated if life lessons are acknowledged beforehand.

To quote former First Lady Eleanor Roosevelt, "reading is a rich and rewarding experience" which is nothing short of

brilliant when it comes to describing the process of reading. No movie or TV show can ever replace the imagination someone gets when reading. Reliving the past through someone else's words is not always pleasant—but it does provide insight into history.

To fans everywhere Wallace Reid seemed to have it all during the silent era of the movie industry as an idol to millions. But his death opened eyes about the effects of drug abuse. His death was a result of a combination of being overworked—and trying to deal with an injury that seemed to become more painful as time slipped by. Reid was one of the first of many in an industry that treated actors like pieces of property. Not long after Reid died, another well-known star of the silent era, Lucille Ricksen, would die in March 1925. She was 14. To cover their complicity in causing her tragic death from exhaustion, movie executives blamed it on tuberculosis, leaving out the fact they overworked her which led to her contracting TB. Rivaling Mary Pickford, Ricksen seemed to have a bright future ahead—and probably would have become a major movie star had she not been treated like a farm animal instead of a human being. Reid's mother seemed to have no clue that her son was being worked to death and accepted what she was told by studio executives such as Jesse Lasky—that her son was like family—which was far from the truth. In the opening pages of her book Reid's mother stated that Lasky planned to have a statue created that would honor her late son. Reid's statue was never completed. Whether Lasky blatantly lied to Reid's mother or changed his mind afterwards remains a mystery. Despite what happened to Reid in 1923 and Ricksen in 1925—the movie industry continued to treat its stars like farm animals by plying them with drugs to keep them working long past exhaustion. In June 1937, Jean Harlow's death was a direct cause of the movie studios ignoring her declining health until it was too late. During the 1930s through the 1950s Judy Garland suffered the same fate—which resulted in the same ending as the others mentioned. Studio system or not—lessons were never learned by events of the past—and into the 1970s the

practice to overwork actors continued. The death of Freddie Prinze in January 1977 was a result of what many saw as too much pressure to perform and not enough concern for how vulnerable it made certain people who were not equipped to handle the demands of fame at such a young age. Freddie Prinze was 22.

In October 1984 Jon-Erik Hexum died tragically on the set of the TV series *Cover Up* after accidentally shooting himself with a prop gun that should never have been in the hands of an actor when not being used to film a scene. Had the production team used better judgment this would never have happened.

Today Wallace Reid continues to attract fans as streaming services showcase his movies worldwide. He had much promise during the early years of his career and had he lived he probably would have become one of the most notable leading men of the motion picture business well into the 1940s. Though he continues to live through an array of photographs and films—one could only have imagined what he could have become if he had been treated like a human being and not like a bag of money in the bank.

To be fair, there are many more casualties than the brief accounts mentioned above. One only has to read memoirs by those who lived through Hollywood's golden age to see just how cruel studio executives could be toward those they employed. While the public adored their icons on the silver screen—these same icons beloved by many were treated without respect or dignity. One doesn't have to wonder why there were so many suicides and fatal overdoses during this era. What seemed like heaven to many was actually hell to those subjected to what could best be described as modern-day slavery. I'm sure many would dispute this view—but read the memoirs I read—and then say it wasn't exactly as described by those who lived it.

About the Authors

Susie Baker King Taylor is considered the first and only black woman to publish a memoir about her experiences during the American Civil War. She is also credited with helping to create the Women's Relief Corps in the 1880s. Taylor died in October 1912 at 64 and was buried at Mount Hope Cemetery in Boston.

Bertha Westbrook Reid was born in August 1867 in Illinois before moving to St. Louis as a young woman. Her son became a famous silent screen star during the early part of the twentieth century. His death in 1923 exposed the effects of drug addiction as well as the rampant abuse of actors under the movie studio system that was Hollywood's golden age. She died in 1939 at the age of 71.

About the Series Editor

Gary Brin was born in 1965 and has lived in the United States Virgin Islands, Hawaii and California. He has edited numerous original literary works over the years—both new and revised. In 2019 he established Standish Press to bring forth interesting fictional and historical material usually ignored by mainstream publishers because of specific views or content. In addition to publishing books, he also created the Nancy Hanks Lincoln Public Library (named after the mother of Abraham Lincoln) in 2014 to make available hard-to-find books to a worldwide audience.

Production Notes

Susie King Taylor memoir based on reminiscences during the American Civil War as a nurse and teacher from a published 1902 account. Wallace Reid material based on the recollections of Reid's mother Bertha Westbrook Reid from a 1923 published edition of the iconic silent screen star's brief life.

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Marie Laplace
February 13, 1892
August 16, 1981

Robert J. Questel
June 22, 1911
August 4, 1990

Marie Anicia Berry Questel
January 13, 1912
April 9, 1997

Eugene Albery Brin
March 21, 1932
May 26, 1977

Lucille Questel Brin
February 21, 1940
December 10, 2000

They never got to have the dreams they wanted or expected but their lives were important nevertheless.

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Dual Biographies of Two Extraordinary Lives

Using digitally restored page images from the original publications—first published in 1902 and 1923—the lives of a respected American Civil War nurse and beloved silent movie idol Wallace Reid are revisited in this biographical collection. Susie King Taylor and Bertha Westbrook Reid create a warm portrait about two notable individuals who changed society in vastly different ways through tragedy and an awareness of the destructive powers of drug abuse. Also included in this edition is additional biographical information of little known historical facts following the deaths of King in 1912 and Reid in 1923 that haven't been published previously.

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